

SEPT. - OCT.

VOL. 6 - NO. 4

# 4MOST

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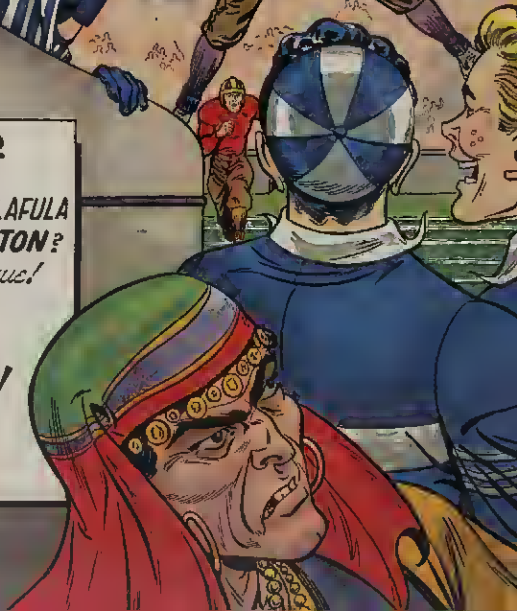
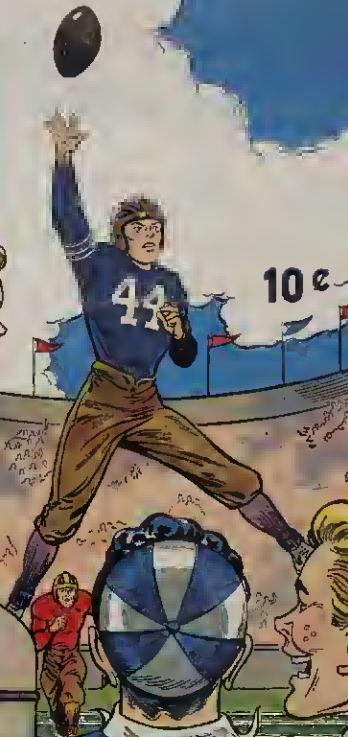
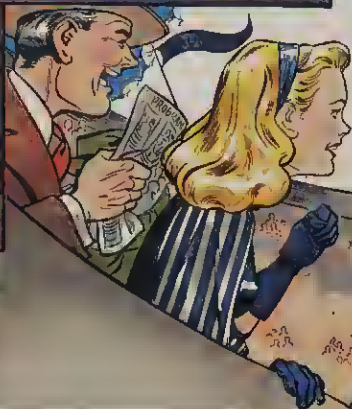
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**WILL KIT CARTER  
THE CADET DEFY  
SINISTER MADAME LAFULA  
AND WIN FOR DAUNTON?**  
*Find out in this issue!*

**PLUS**

**ADVENTURES OF  
DICK COLE!**  
**EDISON BELL**  
*and*  
**LEM THE GREM.**

JOE  
CERTA







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# 4THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

## NOTE FROM EDITORS:

"Lem the Grem" has gone over with a bang! Look at all the enthusiastic letters below praising our Lemuel Gremkin. We changed the layout of this whole issue of 4MOST at the very last minute just to give you another of his adventures. Write and tell us now if Lem is still "in the groove." If he isn't, we'll take him right out of 4MOST.

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I am writing about "Lem the Grem." He is now my favorite character in 4MOST comics. I just screamed when I saw his nose! In one way, he is a trouble-maker, and in another way, he plays Cupid.

Yours truly,  
Billy Zahl  
San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished my Spring issue of 4MOST, and for my money it's the best comic published. Your new guy, "Lem the Grem," is now a popular figure in my neighborhood and all of us hope he will remain in 4MOST.

Yours sincerely,  
Ronald Holcomb  
Kansas City, Missouri

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading "Lem the Grem," and I think it is O.K. on my part. I don't think anyone believes in gremlins though, but it is swell anyhow.

By the way, my favorite character in your magazine is "Edison Bell."

Your best fan,  
Nell Mitchell  
Lima, Ohio

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I, as a fan of 4MOST, prefer "Lem the Grem" to "Candid Charlie" because Lem is always trying to help people. This type of story appeals to me.

In the Spring 1947 issue of your comic magazine, I enjoyed "Dick Cole" second only to "Lem the Grem." Numbered among my favorites also is "The Cadet" Kili Carter.

When I go to buy a comic book, I always look first for 4MOST before making my choice.

Please keep "Lem the Grem" in this comic book.

Sincerely yours,  
Frank Bell, Jr.  
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors:

The story of "Dick Cole" this month was the best yet. The blind boy, Will, had courage and fought his way through. Everyone should be like Will whether they are blind or not.

I like "Lem the Grem" for he is jolly and tries his best to help people be happy and do right.

4MOST is a good name for your comic, but I wish you would publish it monthly.

Sincerely yours,  
Augusta Gibson  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think "Lem the Grem" is swell. I like him better than "Candid Charlie" or "Grover and Bonnie." In fact, I think 4MOST comics are the best comics published.

The "Dick Cole" feature is so realistic that what happens to him seems to happen to you also.

Yours truly,  
Virginia Eileen Carroll  
Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have been reading 4MOST for quite a while, and I have always found it very interesting. Since "Lem the Grem" has been added, 4MOST has really won my heart. He is such a nice little fellow trying to make people happy even though he gets them in trouble. However, he always manages to help them out of it. Please keep him in 4MOST.

I also think Will and Wolf in "Dick Cole" were wonderful and exciting. I hope to be seeing a lot more of them as most 4MOST fans do, too.

A 4MOST Fan,  
Jean Cox  
Naples, Fla.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think 4MOST comics are the most excellent comics ever published.

"Lem the Grem" appeals to me more than any other feature in the book. I also like the artistic drawings in "Dick Cole" by Jim Wilcox.

I read also BLUE BOLT and TARGET comics. Your magazines contain clean and wholesome fun. In the near future, I hope you will publish 4MOST monthly instead of quarterly.

Respectfully yours,  
Elinor Dobson  
Fairhaven, Mass.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I like 4MOST and YOUNG KING COLE comics very much, and I get my copies every time they appear on the newsstands.

"Lem the Grem" in 4MOST is my favorite in laughs. My other favorites are "Dick Cole," "The Cadet," and "Candid Charlie."

I hope you will put a "Young King Cole" adventure in a future issue.

Very truly yours,  
Robert Croyaol  
Logan, W. Va.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I sincerely think that 4MOST comics is one of the best comics published. I especially like the stories based on "Lem the Grem." My mother says that it is one of her favorite stories also. I earnestly hope that he will be in the next issue and the future issues to come.

Sincerely yours,  
Carol Ann Hardie  
Canton, Ohio

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I enjoy your stories of "Candid Charlie," but I think "Lem the Grem" tops him. He is really funny in the way he starts trouble and the manner in which he straightens it out in the end.

I hope I see more of "Lem the Grem."

Yours truly,  
Henry Atkinson  
San Benito, Texas

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# DICK COLE

VACATION DAYS FIND DICK COLE AND THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY SWIMMING SQUAD BOARDING AN OLD TRAMP STEAMER, BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA AND ADVENTURE!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director  
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

4MOST, Vol. 6, No. 4, Sept.-Oct., 1947, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 118 West 12th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1947 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (6 issues) in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

BON VOYAGE, DICK. I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP THE BOYS OUT OF MISCHIEF ON THIS TRIP.

THANK YOU, SIR, I'LL DO MY BEST.



OUTTA THE WAY, SARGE. WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF!

DON'T SHOVE ME, YOU... JACKANAPES!

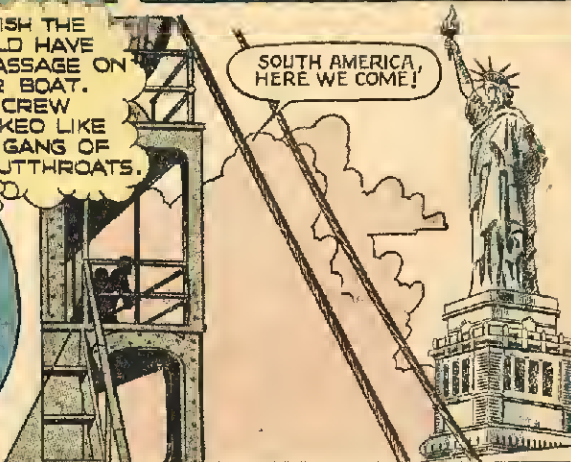


FAREWELL, MEN! THERE SHE GOES!

HMPH... I WISH THE BOYS COULD HAVE BOOKED PASSAGE ON ANOTHER BOAT. THAT CREW LOOKED LIKE A GANG OF CUTTHROATS.



SOUTH AMERICA, HERE WE COME!

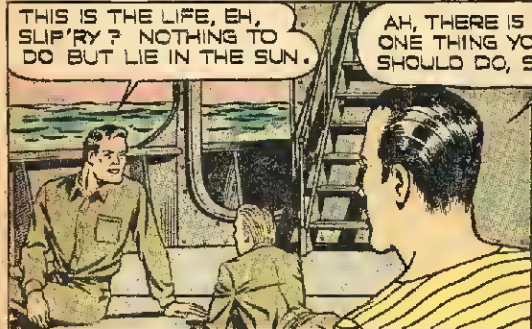


FOR FIVE DAYS THE NANCY S. STEAMS SOUTHWARD THROUGH CALM WATERS. THE CAPOETS, UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DANGER, RELAX AND ENJOY THEMSELVES—

THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, SLIP'RY? NOTHING TO DO BUT LIE IN THE SUN.

AH, THERE IS ONE THING YOU SHOULD DO, SEÑORS.

PICK A CAPTAIN FOR YOUR SQUAD, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU PICK YOUR BEST MAN.



**QUESTION** No. 1. What does the book carried by the Statue of Liberty under her left arm represent?



YOUR CAPTAIN MUST REPRESENT YOU AT MANY FUNCTIONS. HE WILL RECEIVE MANY HONORS.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD JOB. I NOMINATE DICK COLE!

DICK COLE, MY FOOT!

TAKE A GANDER AT THE GREAT DICK COLE! WE'RE OUT FOR SOME SPORT... AND WHAT DOES HE DO? PAH! STICKS HIS NOSE IN BOOKS, HOUR AFTER HOUR.

SAY, COLE, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE WITH THIS SCHOLAR ACT?

IT'S NO ACT, BARK.

NO MATTER WHAT LEAGUE I'M PLAYING IN, I ALWAYS LIKE TO KNOW THE RULES AND THE SCORE!

SEEING SOUTH AMERICA

BUNK! WE STUDY ENOUGH AT FARR! WHAT WE WANT NOW IS FUN! RIGHT, GUYS? HOW ABOUT SOME SHUFFLEBOARD?

GOOD IDEA, BARK!

MAYBE DICK ~~IS~~ TAKING HIMSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.

HE SURE IS, SLIP'RY... FOR MY TASTE! I GOT A HUNCH THAT OUR SQUAD CAPTAIN WILL BE BARK HALL!

NANCY!

LATER, ELI RUFUS, CAPTAIN OF THE NANCY S., CHATS WITH DICK.

YE SEEM TO BE A LEVEL-HEADED LAD. MAYBE YE CAN HELP ME IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE?

WHY, WHAT'S WRONG, CAPTAIN RUFUS?

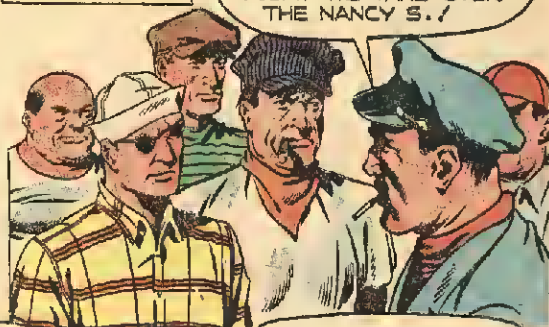
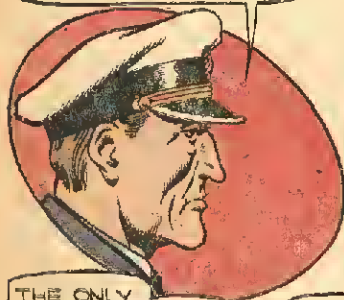
IT'S BLEAK, OUT THERE, -MY FIRST MATE. I WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS UNTIL THE DAY BEFORE SAILING - I ENTRUSTED HIM TO HIRE A CREW!



DID YE EVER SEE SUCH A GANG OF PIRATES? BAD EGGS, EVERY ONE OF 'EM! I'LL BET BLEAK'S UP TO NO GOOD!

THE CAPTAIN'S HUNCH IS CORRECT!

WE'RE NEARING SOUTH AMERICA, YOU ALL KNOW WHY I HIRED YOU. IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK. TODAY WE TAKE OVER THE NANCY S.!



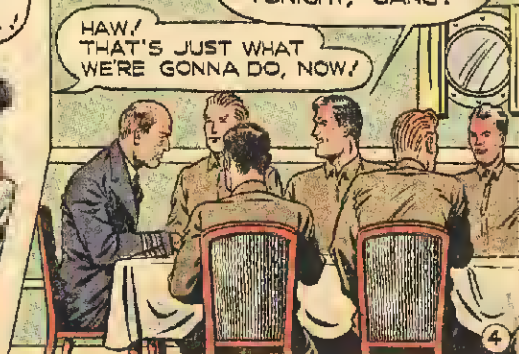
THE ONLY PASSENGERS ARE THOSE CADETS. IF THEY TRY TO HELP RUFUS, SLAP 'EM DOWN! WE STRIKE AT CHOW-TIME!

I'LL ENJOY GIVIN' THEM PUNKS A BELLYFULL!

CHOW-TIME

LET'S SETTLE THE CAPTAIN BUSINESS TONIGHT, GANG!

HAW! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO, NOW!



FROM NOW ON, CAP'N,  
I RUN THIS SHIP!

YE MUST BE  
DAFT! THAT'S  
MUTINY!

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.  
TO US! WE'RE AIMIN' TO  
MAKE A FORTUNE, SO KEEP  
OUTTA OUR WAY!

WE'RE GONNA  
LOCK YOU UP,  
CAP'N!

NO, YOU DON'T! I  
WON'T GIVE UP THE  
NANCY S. WITHOUT  
A BATTLE!

WE'RE WITH  
YOU, CAPTAIN  
RUFUS!

C'MON, MEN! SHOW WHAT  
SAILORS CAN DO WITH TOY  
SOLDIERS! LAY 'EM COLD!

THE OUTNUMBERED CADETS PUT UP A GAME  
BUT LOSING BATTLE.

POC!

SOC!

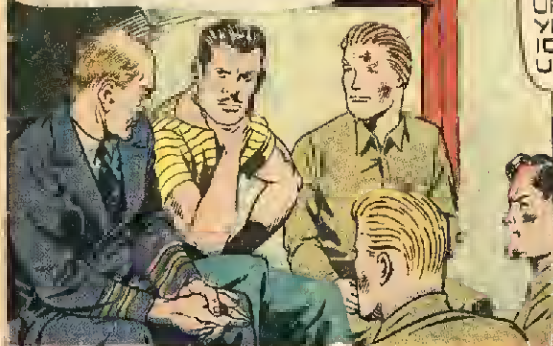
BOOTS!

A HALF-HOUR LATER ...

OUCH! ... WHO  
WON? WHA-WHAT  
HAPPENED?



BLEAK HAS LOCKED US ALL UP IN THIS ROOM AND DOESN'T INTEND TO LET US OUT...EVER!



EVER HEAR OF TUBEC? ONCE IT WAS A THRIVING PORT FOR AN OIL FIELD, BUT THE WELLS DRIED UP, EVERYBODY LEFT, AND FOR YEARS IT'S BEEN DESERTED. AN IDEAL SPOT FOR BLEAK TO UNLOAD MY CARGO OF AUTOS!

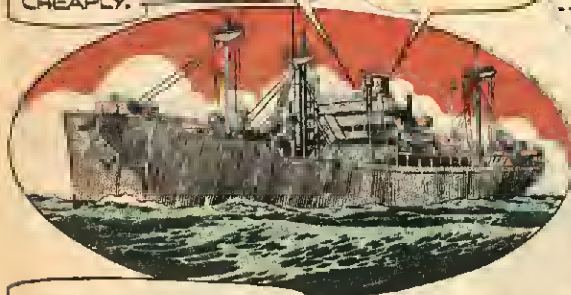


CARS ARE SCARCE DOWN HERE. BLEAK'LL SELL THEM FOR A FORTUNE! HE'S MONEY-MAD, BUT HE REGARDS HUMAN LIVES CHEAPLY.

THEN WE'VE GOT TO CRACK OUT OF HERE... AND QUICK!

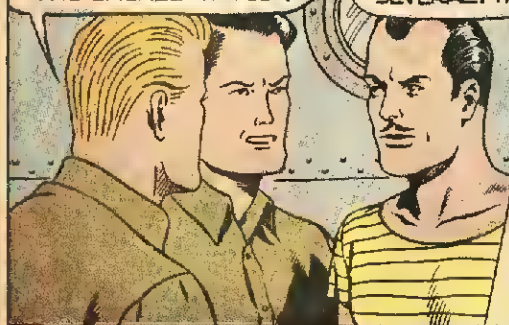
NOT A CHANCE, DICK! WE'VE EXAMINED EVERY INCH OF THIS ROOM. IT'S LIKE A PRISON... NOT A WEAKNESS!

WELL, WE KNOW BLEAK HAS A WEAKNESS... HIS GREED!

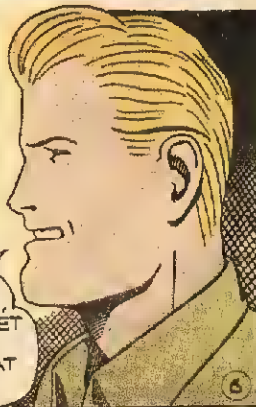


WE'VE GOT TO PLAY ON THAT WEAKNESS, AND I THINK I KNOW HOW. JUAN, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF 'THE SACRED WELLS'?

CERTAINLY. HERE IN MY COUNTRY THERE ARE SEVERAL. WHY?



I'LL TELL YOU. LISTEN, WHEN WE GET TO TUBEC, HERE'S WHAT WE DO...



...ON, THE NANCY S, TIES UP AT THE  
CRUELING GHOST PORT OF TUBEC-

BLEAK  
STALKS  
ABOARD.

OKAY, WHAT'S UP? DON'T  
ASK FOR MERCY. I CAN  
BE HANGED FOR THIS  
LITTLE SHOW AND I  
DON'T INTEND TO LET  
YOU WITNESSES  
GO FREE!

BLEAK! COME  
HERE! IT'S VERY  
IMPORTANT!

ALL RIGHT  
BLAST YOU!  
I'M COMING!

AFTER THE CARGO'S UNLOADED,  
I'LL HEAD THE SHIP OUT TO DEEP  
WATER AND OPEN UP THE SEACOCKS.  
YOU'LL ALL GO DOWN WITH HER!  
NOBODY WILL EVER BE ABLE TO  
FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. I'LL  
BE IN THE CLEAR...NEAT, EH?

IF YOU FREE  
US, JUAN  
CHUSCO WILL  
SHOW YOU  
HOW TO BE A  
MILLIONAIRE!

BUNK!

IT IS NO BUNK,  
SEÑOR! I  
KNOW WHERE  
THERE IS A  
SACRED  
WELL!

THE SACRED WELLS  
ARE SUNKEN POOLS  
WHICH NATIVES USED TO  
WORSHIP. AS OFFERINGS,  
THEY THREW IN GOLD  
JEWELRY!

HMM, I'VE  
HEARD OF  
THEM POOLS,  
BUT MOST  
OF 'EM ARE  
EMPTY!

BUT BLEAK,  
THIS ONE HAS  
NEVER BEEN  
TOUCHED! IT  
IS NEAR BY. I  
WILL LEAD YOU  
THERE...IF  
YOU'LL LET  
US GO FREE!

SOLID GOLD! I  
COULD BE A  
MILLIONAIRE! OKAY,  
YOU AND YOUR PAL  
LEAD ME TO IT. THE  
REST OF YOU STAY  
HERE. WHEN I GET  
THE GOLD, YOU GO  
FREE. BUT IF YOU'RE  
LYING...!!



DICK AND JUAN LEAD THE MUTINEERS INTO THE JUNGLE...

THEY WATCH US LIKE HAWKS / NOT A CHANCE TO BREAK FREE!



AH! I SEE A POOL / MAYBE WHILE THEY LOOK FOR GOLD, WE CAN ESCAPE!

THERE IS THE SACRED WELL!

GIVE IT A GOING OVER, MEN.

IF THIS IS A PHONY, I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU TWO!

THE SAILORS SCRAPE THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL AND HAUL IN...



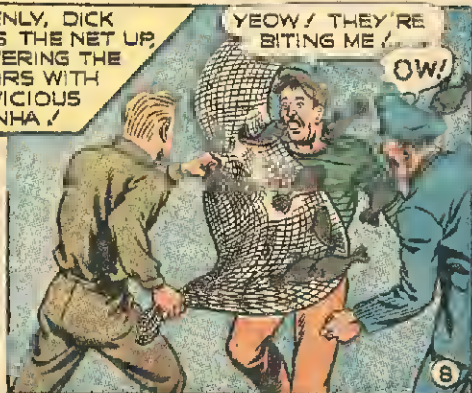
FISH / NOTHING BUT FISH / AND THEY AREN'T EVEN GOLDFISH!

HMM / I JUST WAS READING ABOUT THESE FISH... PIRANHA! SMALL, BUT VICIOUS AND BLOODTHIRSTY, WITH SHARP TEETH!

SUDDENLY, DICK YANKS THE NET UP, SHOWERING THE SAILORS WITH THE VICIOUS PIRANHA!

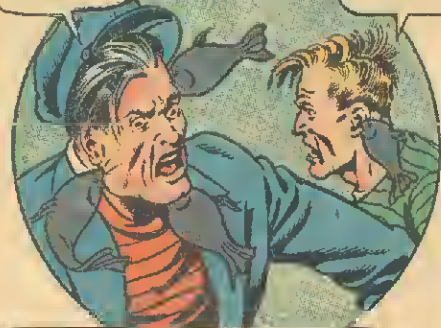
YEOW! THEY'RE BITING ME!

OW!

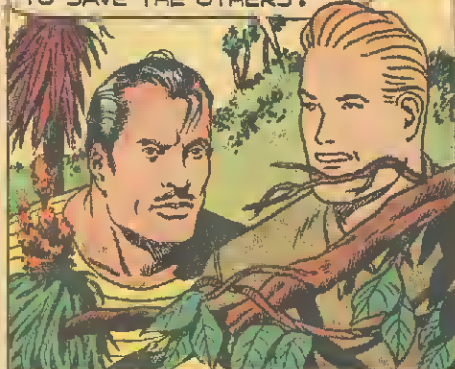


HELP! THEY'RE  
EATING ME  
ALIVE!

YEOW! TAKE  
'EM OFF!  
OUCH!



MADE IT! THEY CAN'T FIND US  
IN HERE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO  
GET BACK TO PORT AND TRY  
TO SAVE THE OTHERS!



BACK IN TUBEC, THE AUTOS HAVE  
BEEN UNLOADED AND A FEW ASSEMBLED.

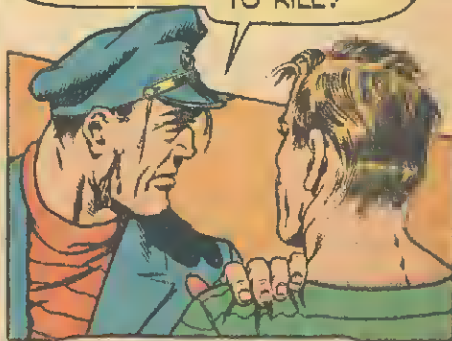
GOOD WORK. WE'LL KEEP THE CARS  
IN THAT WAREHOUSE, DRIVE 'EM TO THE  
BIG CITIES ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS  
AWAY AND PEDdle 'EM ONE BY ONE.



QUICK, JUAN! INTO THE  
JUNGLE!

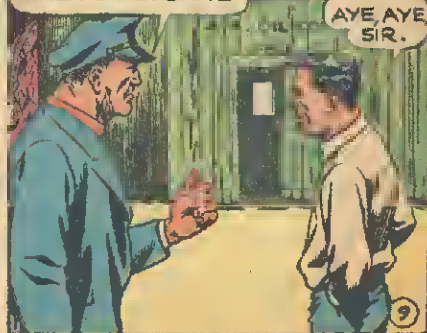


BACK TO TUBEC, QUICK! IF YOU  
SEE THOSE TWO RATS, SHOOT  
TO KILL!



I'LL GO SINK THE SHIP.  
GATHER THE CREW IN THAT SHACK.  
WE'LL HAVE A CONFERENCE THERE  
WHEN I RETURN.

AYE, AYE,  
SIR.





MEANWHILE —



BLEAK WILL KILL YOUR FRIENDS. AND WE CAN'T STOP HIM UNLESS WE OVERCOME ALL THOSE SAILORS, WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE!

RIGHT! WE CERTAINLY CAN'T OUTSLUG 12 MEN!

WELL, TROPICAL TERMITES OFTEN CAUSE WOODEN BUILDINGS TO COLLAPSE. THAT SHACK'S BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS. TERMITES MUST HAVE BEEN WEAKENING IT. SO WHY NOT GIVE 'EM AN ASSIST?

LET'S TRY! IT MIGHT WORK!



LET'S GO! A FEW GOOD HEAVES SHOULD TOPPLE IT!



BUT I RECALL AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON TROPICAL TERMITES ... I WONDER.

DICK / HOW CAN YOU THINK OF INSECTS AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



DICK AND JUAN CREEP UP TO THE SHACK.

FEEL HOW THE WOOD CRUMBLES!



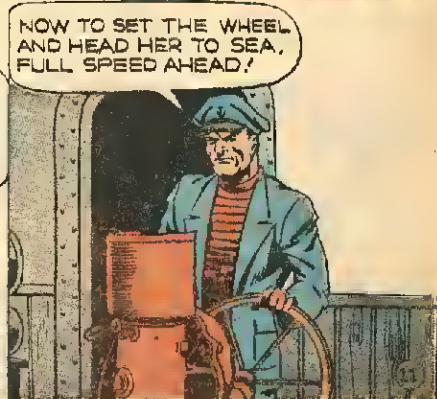
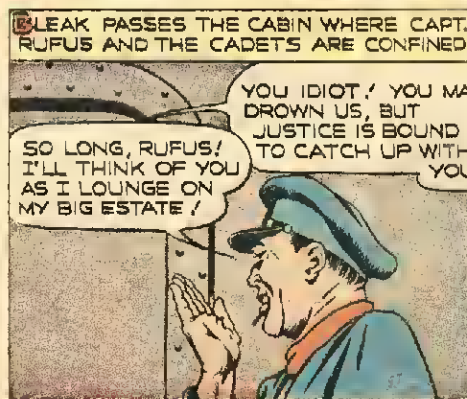
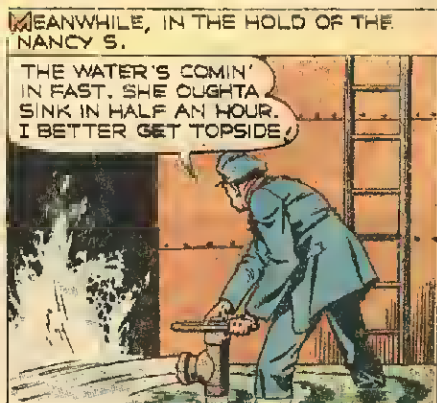
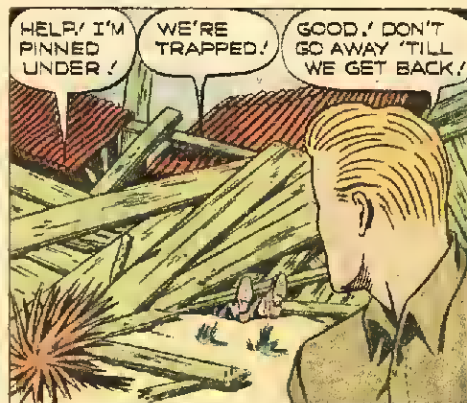
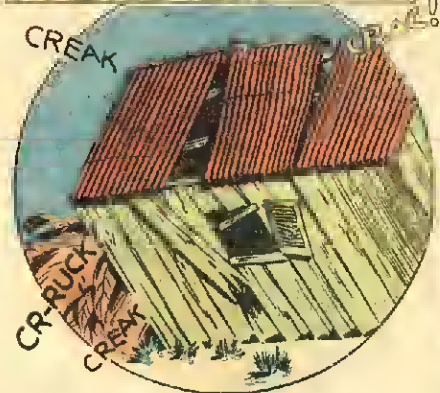
AND INSIDE THE SHACK...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT!

CRACK!

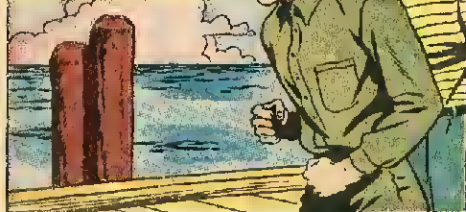
EARTHQUAKES!







THE NANCY S. HEADS OUT TO SEA AND BLEAK JUMPS FROM THE STERN ONTO THE COCK, JUST AS DICK AND JUAN ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.



BLEAK CHARGES AND DICK DUCKS A VICIOUS LEFT.



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BARNACLE, JUAN / YOU TRY TO STOP THE SHIP!

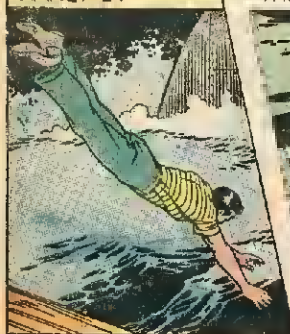
YOU PUNKS ARE TOO LATE TO SAVE YOUR PALS, BUT JUST IN TIME FOR A BEATING!



SHE'S PICKING UP SPEED / I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT!



JUAN DIVES AFTER THE RECEDING NANCY S.



A DOZEN SWIFT STROKES, AND JUAN GRASPS A ROPE TRAILING FROM THE STERN OF THE SHIP.

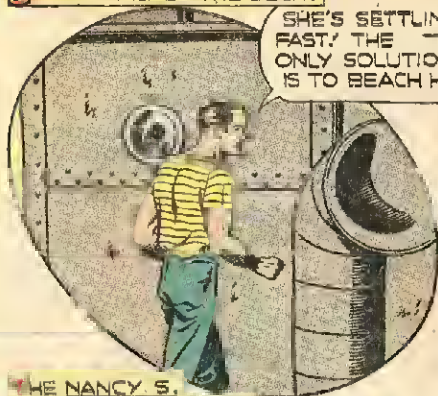


HE HAULS HIMSELF UP, HAND OVER HAND —



**QUESTION** No. 6. What word in picture 5 is part of the title of a novel by Charles Dickens?

**JUAN REACHES THE DECK.**

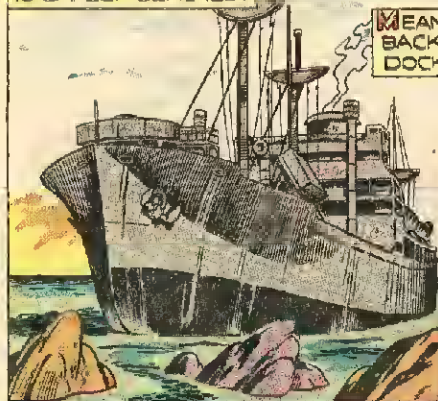


SHE'S SETTling  
FAST! THE  
ONLY SOLUTION  
IS TO BEACH HER!

I'LL SWING HER HARD TO PORT AND  
HEAD HER FOR THAT  
SANDY BEACH!



THE NANCY S.  
IS SAFELY BEACHED.



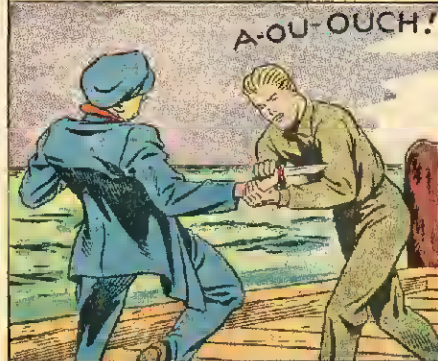
MEANWHILE,  
BACK ON THE  
DOCK.

TOUGH YOUNG MAN WITH  
VER MITTS, AIN'T YA ?  
BUT YA CAN'T STOP A  
STAB TO THE HEART!



DICK SIDE-STEPS A VICIOUS JAB  
AT HIS CHEST AND -

A-OU-OUCH!



THE KNIFE DROPS TO THE DOCK AS  
DICK DELIVERS THE FINAL PUNCH.

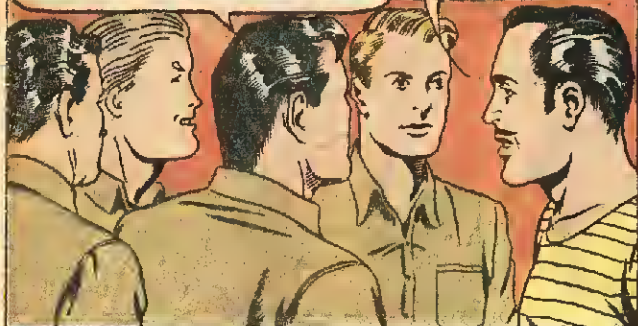




MEANWHILE, JUAN RELEASES CAPTAIN RUFUS AND THE FARR CADETS -

GREAT WORK, JUAN! HOW DID YOU DO IT ALL BY YOURSELF, EH?

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT ALL BY MYSELF!



YOU WOULDN'T BE ALIVE IF DICK COLE HADN'T PREPARED HIMSELF - BY READING - TO VISIT MY COUNTRY.



IT WAS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE SACRED POOLS, THE VICIOUS LITTLE PIRANKA, AND THE TROPICAL TERMITES THAT SAVED YOU FROM DEATH!

GOSH! I'D SAY DICK'S THE KIND OF GUY TO HAVE IN CHARGE!

HE SURE IS! FOR MY DOUGH, DICK'S CAPTAIN OF OUR SQUAD!

LET'S MAKE IT UNANIMOUS!

OKAY, OKAY... MAKE COLE CAPTAIN!



LATER, IN A NEAR-BY CITY.

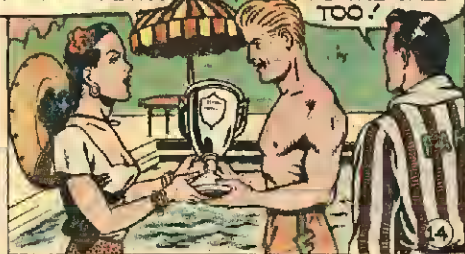
A MILLION THANKS FOR SAVING MY SHIP AND ITS CARGO. AND THANKS FOR CAPTURING BLEAK AND HIS MUTINEERS. IT WILL GO HARD WITH THEM.

THE FARR SWIMMING SQUAD DOES WELL IN COMPETITION.

MEESTER COLE, YOU ARE... HOW YOU SAY?... TERREEFEECK?

MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑORITA!

MUCHO BOLONY! COLE GETS ALL THIS AND THE GALS TOO!



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IS THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD?

OH, THE ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT!

(SNIFF-SNIFF) SMELLS LIKE ROTTEN EGGS!

# Joe Always Wins -

WITH HIS **Bendix** COASTER BRAKE



COASTS LONGER  
PEDALS EASIER  
STOPS QUICKER

When you get your new bike, be sure it has a Bendix® Coaster Brake. Here is a coaster brake that is brand new in design and has all kinds of features. It will make bicycle riding more fun than ever before. Be a winner—keep out in front with the new Bendix Coaster Brake.

®TRADEMARK

BUICK RACING

DIVISION OF



BRAND, NEW YORK

GEE, HERMIE—I CAN'T SEE HOW FOOTBALL PLAYERS EVER GET CLEAN AFTER THEY PLAY A GAME !!!

EASY! WHAT DO YOU THINK SCRUB TEAMS ARE FOR??

MY POP ISN'T BALD—HIS FACE JUST RUNS OVER THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!



WHY DO YOU SAY THAT COLUMBUS MUST HAVE LIKED IT VERY MUCH HERE?

'CAUSE COLUMBUS IS STILL IN OHIO !!!



© 1963

MUT HAMMER



# LEW THE GREM



LEW THE GREM KNOWS THAT TOO MANY COOKS CAN SPOIL THE BROTH, BUT NOW THE ADVENTURESOME GREMLIN WANTS TO SEE IF TOO MUCH BROTH CAN SPOIL THE CROOKS!

Albrow

AH ME! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A GOOD FEED AND SOME FUN, BUT WHERE CAN I GET 'EM BOTH?

GOOD LUCK, HENRI! COOK ZEE BEST MEAL OF YOUR LIFE!

OO! I BRING HOME ZEE BAKIN' JOB!

WIN THE COOKING CONTEST, PAPA!

I, HENRI! GOURMET, AM ZEE FRENCH COOKING MASTER! ZEE GILTHMORE HOTEL NEEDS ME AS CHEF!

O, HENRI! I HOPE ZEY PICK YOU! WE NEED ZEE MONEY!

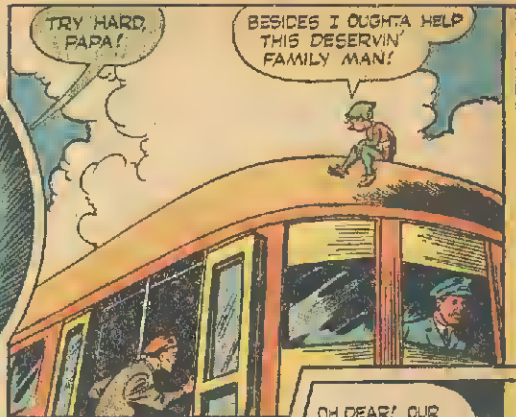
QUESTION

Ans. An hors d'oeuvre is an appetizer served at the start of a meal. What is a chef-d'oeuvre?

A COOKIN' CONTEST TO WIN THE JOB OF BEIN' THE GILTMORE'S CHEF! THEY'LL BE DISHIN' OUT SOME REAL TASTY VITAMINS!

TRY HARD, PAPA!

BESIDES I OUGHTA HELP THIS DESERVIN' FAMILY MAN!



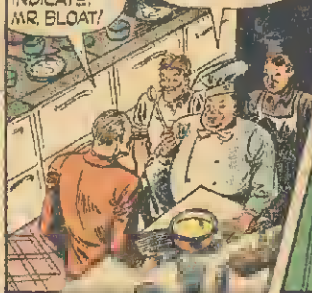
AT THE PALATIAL GILTMORE HOTEL, HECTOR PRIMMAIST IS ALL AFLUTTER!

YOU, MR. GOURMET, WILL PREPARE SALADS AND SOUPS! AND YOUR OPPONENT, MR. BLOAT, IS ON VEGETABLES AND MEATS! ISN'T THAT EXCITING?

I DO HOPE YOU'RE THE MASTER YOUR RECORDS INDICATE, MR. BLOAT!

ME AND MY ASSISTANTS WILL SEND DEM OUTTA DIS WILD, PRIMMAIST!

OH DEAR! OUR FAVORITE PATRONS ARE ALREADY GATHERING IN THE MAUVE-MAUVE ROOM! THEY'RE TO BE THE JUDGES! DO HURRY!



WE'LL MEET TO CELEBRATE AT MIKE'S CHOPHOUSE, BOYS!

HMMM! BLOAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CULINARY ARTIST TO ME!

DESE SPECIAL--UH--FLAVORING TABLETS ARE SURE TO WIN US FAME AND FORTUNE!

FLAVORING TABLETS! GAD! THAT'S TAKIN' AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF POOR HENRI!





WHILE THIS FEFTY HASBEURNER'S  
NOT LOOKIN' I'LL BORROW A FEW  
OF THESE FLAVORIN' TABLETS!

AH! ZEE SOUP--  
SHE EES  
NOW PERFECT!

HA! I'LL MAKE IT  
BETTER THAN PERFECT!



AND NOW FOR ZEE  
SALAD DRESSING  
WHICH WON ME THREE  
INTERNATIONAL PRIZES!

YA AIN'T GOT  
A CHANCE,  
CHUMP!

ZEE GREAT GOURMET NEED NOT  
ARGUE! MY FOOD SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF!

AMM--VERY  
TASTY!  
BUT STILL!

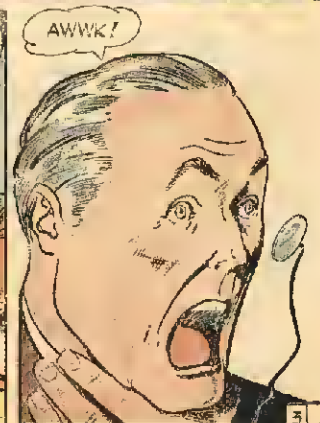


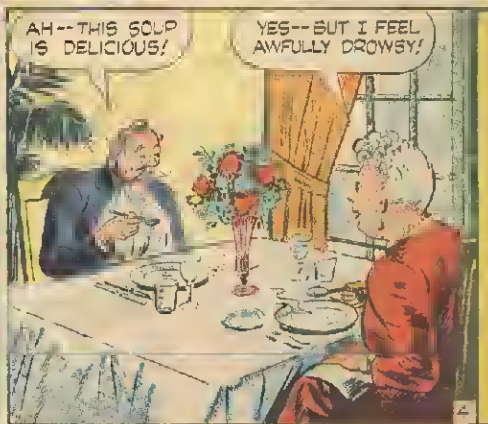
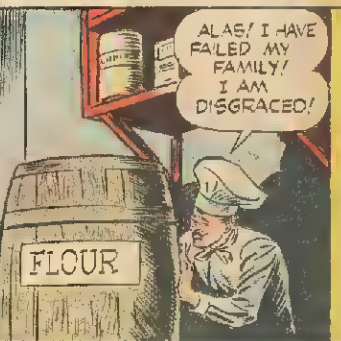
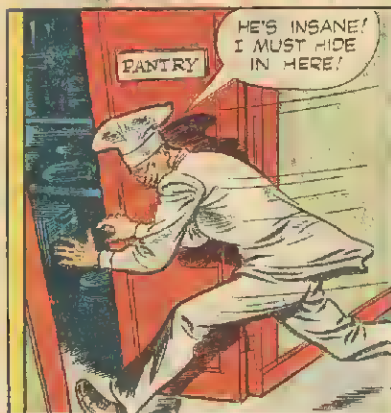
A LITTLE MORE ZIP, AS  
ADDED BY LEMUEL GREMLIN,  
ESQUIRE, AND THOSE  
STUFFED SHIRTS WILL  
BREAK OUT INTO CHEERS AS  
SOON AS THEY TASTE IT!

LET'S SEE IF THIS IS UP  
TO GILTMORE STANDARD!

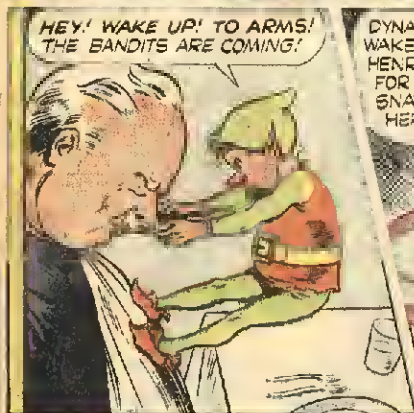
HUH! ECSTASY  
AWAITS YOU,  
CHUM!

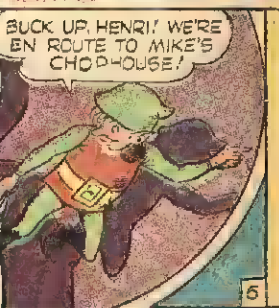
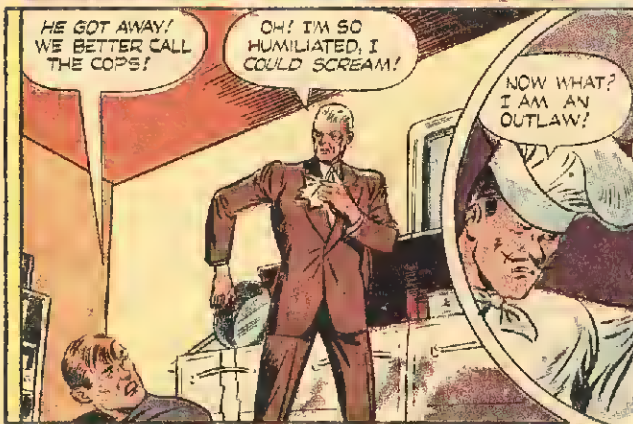
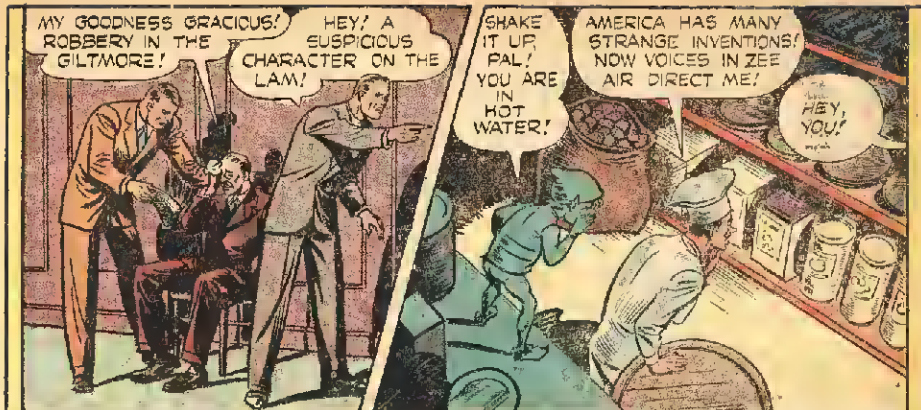
AWWK!



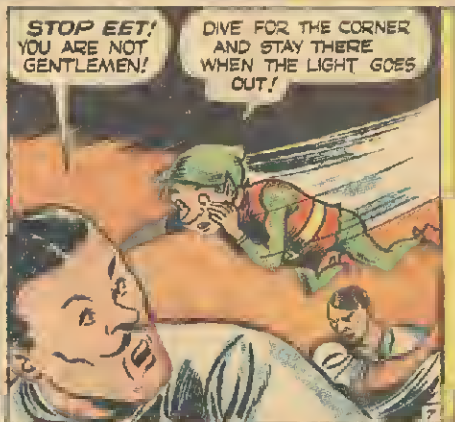
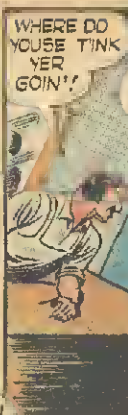












OFF WITH THE LIGHTS!  
I HOPE MY ACCENT  
SOUNDS LIKE  
HENRI'S!



TALKING LIKE HENRI, LEM FLIES  
AMONG THE CROOKS, WHO SWING AT  
THE VOICE AND STRIKE EACH OTHER!

YOU HAVE ZEE  
FACE OF PIE,  
MONSIEUR  
BLOAT!

OH, YEAH?  
TAKE DIS!

OUCH! YA  
HIT ME!

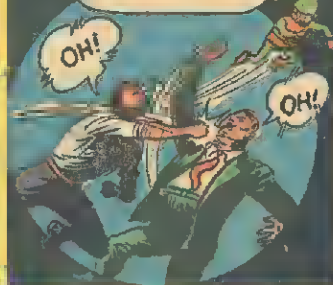


THE CONFUSED THUGS SOON  
KNOCK EACH OTHER OUT!

PUNCH HARDER, GARÇONS!  
YOU MAKE ZEE PUFF  
CREAM BLOWS!

OH!

OH!

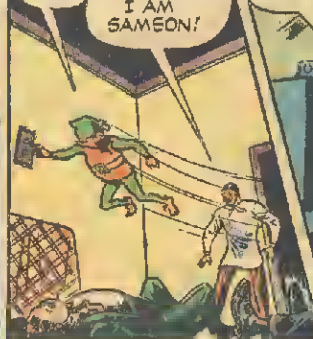


TAKE  
OVER,  
HENRI!

SACRE BLEU!  
HAVE I  
DONE ZEE?  
I AM  
SAMEON!

QUEECK, POLICE! AT ZEE  
CHOP MIKE'S HOUSE---  
I HAVE ZEE CROOKS!

DOGGONE! I  
AM STILL  
HUNGRY!



SOON, HENRI TELLS HIS TALE TO THE  
POLICE!

BLOAT'S A WELL-KNOWN  
CROOK! HE MUST HAVE  
STOLEN THOSE COOK'S  
CREDENTIALS!

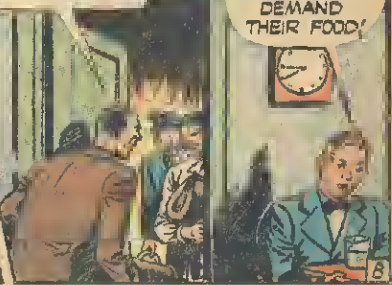
AH! NOW  
EEF ONLY  
MONSIEUR  
PRIMAIST  
WILL TAKE ME BACK!



THE LOOT IS HASTILY  
RETURNED TO THE  
UNCONSCIOUS PATRONS OF THE BILTMORE HOTEL!

JUST IN TIME! THE  
GUESTS ARE BEGINNING  
TO WAKE UP!

YES! AND  
THEY'RE  
BEGINNING TO  
DEMAND  
THEIR FOOD!



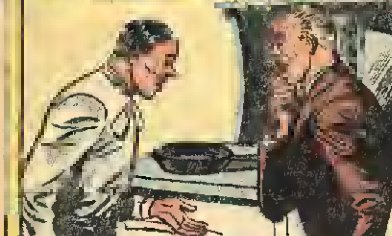


LET ME  
COOK FOR  
ZEM!

YOU'VE CAUSED OODLES OF  
TROUBLE, GOURMET-ODDLES!  
BUT, I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE  
MINUTES TO SATISFY  
OUR PATRONS! SUCCEED,  
AND YOU'LL BE  
PERMANENT CHEF!

FIVE MINUTES! I AM  
AN ARTIST-- NOT A  
HASHSLINGER!  
I NEED TIME TO CREATE!

RELAX,  
HENRI!  
I'LL BE  
BACK IN  
A FLASH!



ZEM HURTLES TO THE NEAREST  
DINER!



---AND A FEW MINUTES LATER---

SERVE THESE,  
HENRI -- HOT OFF  
THE GRIDDLE!

BURGERS OF HAM!  
I MUST SERVE  
ZEM--AND LOSE MY  
REPUTATION FOREVER!



SOON--

THE PATRONS  
INSIST THAT YOU  
BECOME THEIR PERMA-  
NENT CHEF! THEIR  
WISH IS MY  
COMMAND!  
CONGRATULATIONS,  
GOURMET!

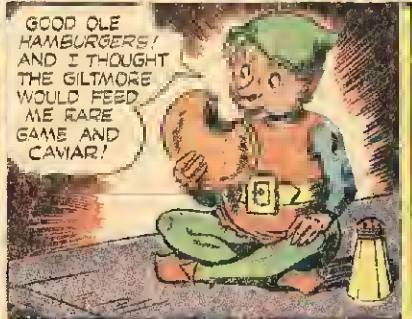
AH! I HAVE ZEE  
HAPPINESS!  
MY FAMILY WILL  
CELEBRATE!

GOLLY! THESE  
HAMBURGERS HIT THE  
SPOT! HAVEN'T HAD  
ONE IN YEARS!

TRUST THE  
GILTMORE TO COME  
UP WITH NEW  
IDEAS!



GOOD OLE  
HAMBURGERS!  
AND I THOUGHT  
THE GILTMORE  
WOULD FEED  
ME RARE  
GAME AND  
CAVIAR!

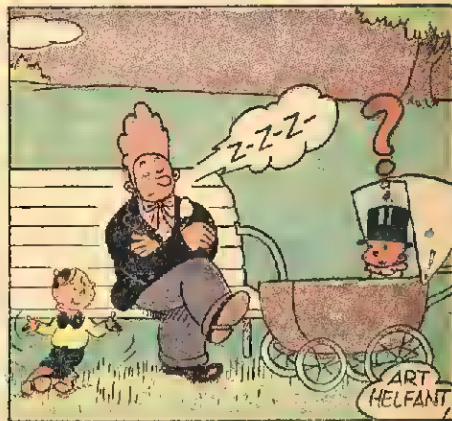
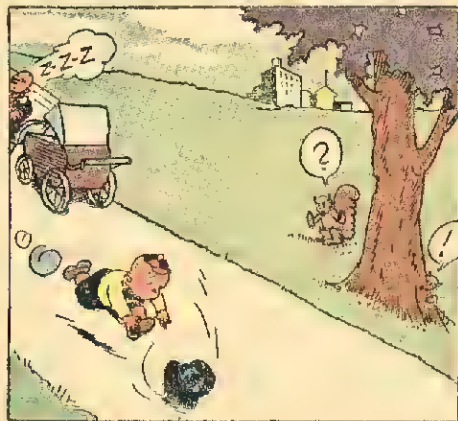
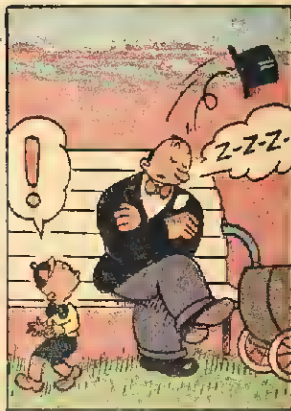
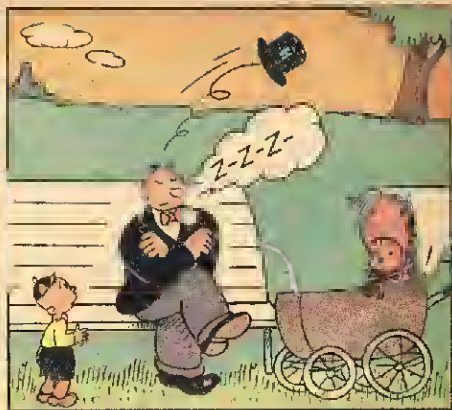


SEND THOSE LETTERS ALONG IF  
YOU WANT TO SEE ME  
IN THE NOV-DEC. ISSUE OF  
4 MOST ON SALE OCT. 1ST

October 1 is the date to remember. Next 4MOST sale date.

# HELPFUL HAROLD

"IT'S AN ILL WIND..."







**I**T was a heck of an afternoon to be thumping at a piano.

Outside, the warm spring sun and the greening grass conspired with the distant crack of ash against horsehide and the shrill yells of the neighborhood sandlot team to make staying indoors seem absurd.

So, although Johnny Pader's fingers were tinkling nimbly over the white and black keys, his mind was on baseball, not Chopin.

Imagining himself at short-stop, he scooped up a hot grounder, whipped the ball over to first . . . he stepped up at home plate and took a cut at a fast ball . . .

Deliberately, Johnny pounded the keys in discord and stopped playing. Then, reluctantly, he started again, his eyes on the clock, watching the minutes tick off. At four-thirty he would be free—free to play his last game of baseball.

Even more than he wanted to play baseball, Johnny wanted to make his father happy. And his father, the famous piano virtuoso, Rudolf Pader,

took it for granted that Johnny would follow in his footsteps.

Those footsteps covered a lot of territory. A lonely, melancholy man, and a widower, Rudolf Pader disappeared for long periods on concert tours, in which his only ties with his son were long affectionate letters, sent daily.

Back at home, Johnny, training to be a great pianist, practiced every afternoon from three to six—except on certain rare occasions when music seemed as dull as mush. Then Johnny would slip out to join the gang, and play sports inexpertly but with great enthusiasm.

For the past month Johnny had been practicing evenings as well as afternoons, for his father was bringing the head of a famous music conservatory to hear his playing and pass on admittance to his select school. If admitted, Johnny would get intensive training as a musician, a prospect which left him cold. He liked the piano, but not enough to devote his entire life to it. Still, his father wanted it—so what else could he do?

Finally, it was four-thirty. Johnny jumped up, dashed out of the big house and ran toward the baseball field. Tonight was the audition, but Johnny knew he had practiced enough. What he needed most now was some relaxation.

The gang greeted him enthusiastically and put him at shortstop.

"Attaboy, maestro," Billy Malloy, the team pitcher, called out, as Johnny pegged the ball to first. "You got what it takes. Why don't you ditch that piano and play with us all the time?"

Johnny smiled politely.

He played for three innings. He was at bat for the second time, when he connected with the ball and sent it flying over the head of the left fielder. It was the best hit he had ever made.

Inspired by the yells of his teammates, he raced around the base paths as the outfielders scurried to retrieve the ball.

Digging for home, he saw Billy Malloy near home plate, making frantic motions and yelling: "Slide! Hit the dirt!"

Johnny hit the dirt head first, his extended hands plowing up the pebbly dirt around home plate. The ball was thumped on his back a moment too late. He was safe! He had made a home run!

Standing up, grinning, he looked at his tingling hands and the grin faded. He had skinned the finger tips of his right hand, and they were bleeding. A swelling on the index finger of his left hand began to throb painfully. In his desperate lunge he had stubbed the finger far back. It felt broken, but when he tried to move it, it responded, achingly.

Billy Malloy clapped his back. "Hurt your hand, hey? Too bad. But what a hit! Come out more often."

"I'm afraid I can't, Johnny said. "But it was fun." He moved off slowly. "So long, guys."

At home, patient bathing in hot water brought down the swelling of the index finger, but it hurt every time he bent it. After his raw finger tips had stopped bleeding he concealed the wounds with colodion.

When his father bustled in after dinner with Max Proctor, head of the music conservatory, Johnny said nothing of his accident. He moved to the piano, trying to ignore the pain in his hands.

Mr. Proctor settled himself in an easy chair. Beside him

stood Rudolf Pader, who nodded proudly at Johnny and gave him the signal to begin. Johnny unclenched his fists and swiftly put them to the piano.

Liszt, Ravel, and Debussy usually came easy to him, but now every time he used his index finger a hot fire shot through his hand, up his arm to the shoulder.

He played grimly, carefully, conscious not only of the tingling, tortured nerves in the tips of his fingers, but of the anxious eyes of his father. His forehead dampened with sweat. He must not fail.

The doorbell rang before he had played a half hour. The maid admitted Billy Malloy.

Billy looked at the piano in surprise. "Sorry to butt in," he said to Mr. Pader. "I just wanted to see about Johnny's hands."

"Hands?" Puzzled, Mr. Pader looked at Johnny, then back at Billy.

"Geel! Didn't he tell you? He skinned 'em awful. Almost knocked a finger out of joint. But what a swell homer! What a slide!"

"Homer? Slide?" Mystified, Rudolf Pader approached his son. Johnny's heart dropped.

"So, you've been slipping out to play baseball? Don't you want to be a pianist like your father?" Pader looked at his son's downcast head. "Tell the truth."

"I do want to be like you, dad," Johnny said, adding miserably, "but I don't care much about being a pianist. I'm sorry . . . I've tried . . . I'll keep on trying."

The musician took Johnny's bruised hands in his own. His voice was gentle.

"I don't know you as well as I should—too much traveling. It was foolish of me to assume you wanted to be a musician."

Johnny said unhappily, "I hated to let you down. Looks like I have."

Looking up, he was surprised to see his father smiling at him.

"Look at your hands," Mr. Pader said. "Every note you struck must have been painful. Yet you played for my sake. Hah! You call that letting me down? What better compliment could any father get?"

Pader turned to Mr. Proctor. "Sorry to waste your time—but you see how it is."

He sat beside Johnny and said: "Tonight we'll go shopping for baseball bats."

Rudolf Pader, the great musician, began to play. He played "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

Johnny looked at Billy Malloy and grinned.

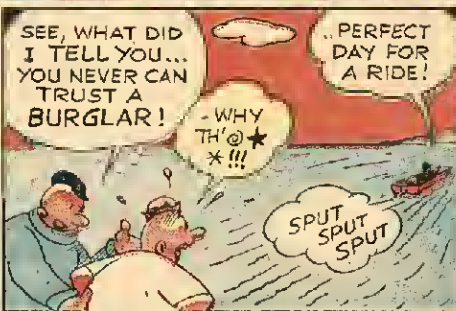
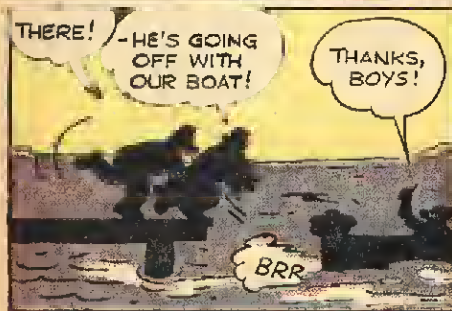
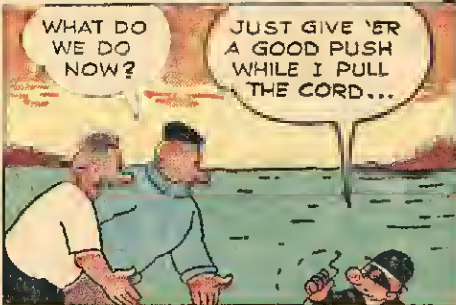
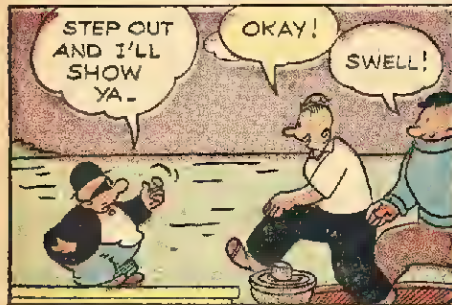
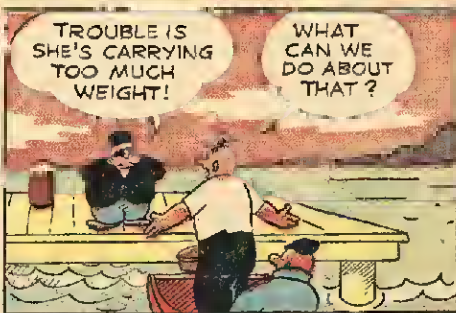
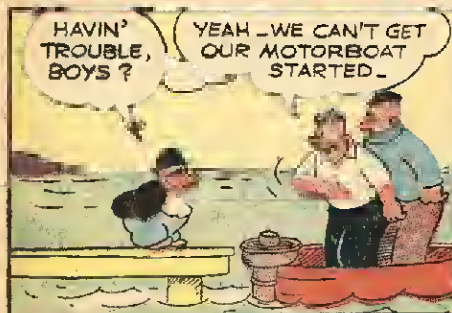
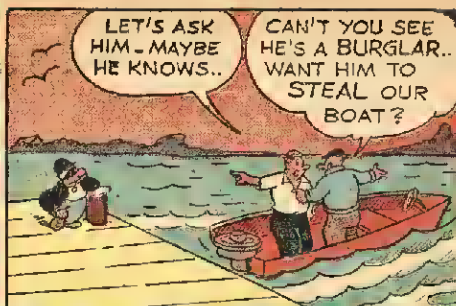
It was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

THE END



# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



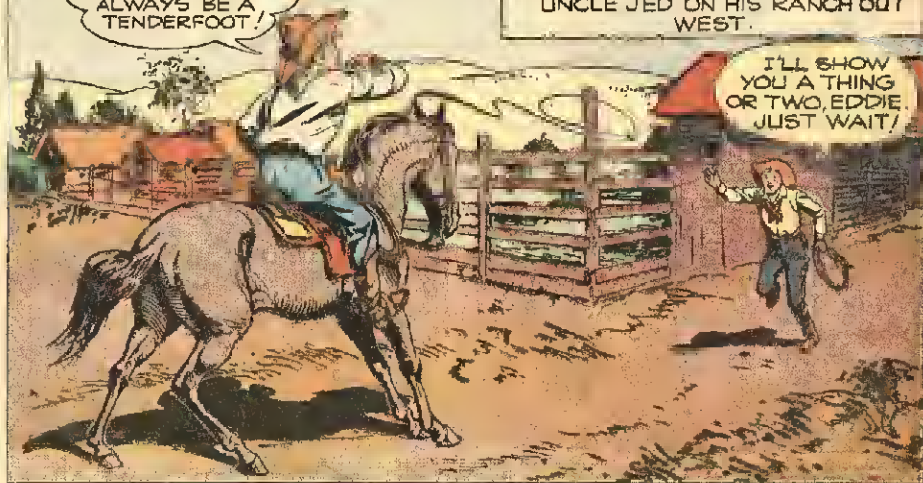
# Edison Bell



GET GOING, JERRY - OR YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A TENDERFOOT!

EDISON BELL AND HIS FRIEND, JERRY, ARE GUESTS OF EDDIE'S UNCLE JED ON HIS RANCH OUT WEST.

I'LL SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO, EDDIE. JUST WAIT!



MISSED AGAIN! I'LL NEVER LEARN, EDDIE.

CAREFUL OR YOU'LL ROPE THAT MAN.

BETTER NOT TRY IT, BOYS.

DON'T TRY YOUR TRICKS ON ME!

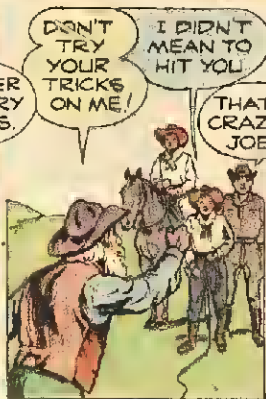
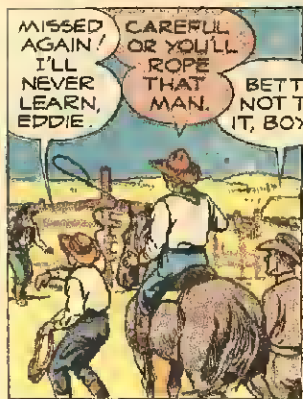
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU.

THAT'S CRAZY JOE.

SORRY - SAY, HOLD ON THERE!

CRAZY JOE NEVER MAKES FRIENDS WITH ANYONE.

YOU WON'T GET ME!



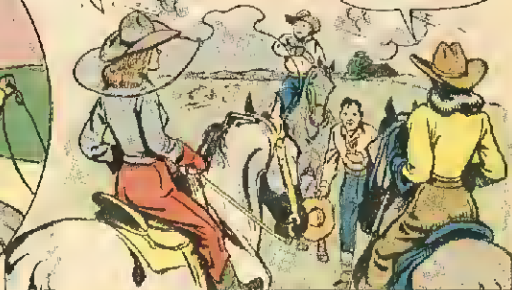
The next issue of 4MOST goes on sale October 1.





A NICE WELCOME FOR YOUR NEW NEIGHBORS!

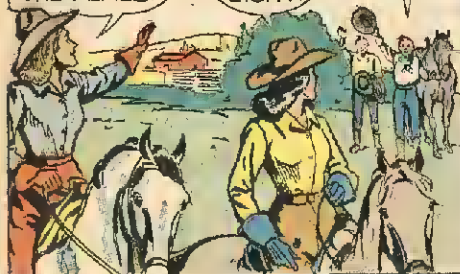
I'M JANE AND THIS IS MY SISTER BETTY WE'RE HAVING A SHINDIG TONIGHT AND WANT YOU BOYS TO COME.



JUST RIDE DOWN LOST CANYON TRAIL YOU'LL FIND THE PLACE.

COME ABOUT EIGHT.

WE'LL BE THERE EARLY



THAT NIGHT THE BOYS RIDE OUT TO THE PARTY....

THE TRAIL IS RATHER SPOOKY AT NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

THERE'S CRAZY JOE'S CABIN. HOPE HE'S NOT AROUND



HEY, THAT ROCK JUST MISSED ME!

KEEP OFF! I WARNED YOU. DON'T WANT ANY VISITORS.

IT'S CRAZY JOE. RUN FOR IT, JERRY.



I HOPE WE DON'T MEET HIM AGAIN



EDDIE AND JERRY RELATE THEIR EXPERIENCE AT THE PARTY!

CRAZY JOE IS JUST  
AFRAID THAT STRANGERS  
WILL FIND HIS  
LOST MINE.

NOBODY BELIEVES  
THE STORY, BUT I'D  
LIKE TO FIND IT.

A LOST  
MINE?

SO WOULD  
I!



THEN...

LOOK! IT'S  
CRAZY JOE  
AGAIN!

LET'S  
CATCH  
HIM  
THIS  
TIME.

NO -  
WE'LL  
GIVE HIM  
SOME  
FOOD.



THERE,  
HE'S  
GONE!

SHALL I  
GO AFTER  
HIM,  
SIR?

I WOULDN'T.  
HE'S HARMLESS  
AND YOU MIGHT  
GET LOST.



I HAD A  
SMALL SHOVEL  
AND AXE  
THERE THEY'RE  
GONE!

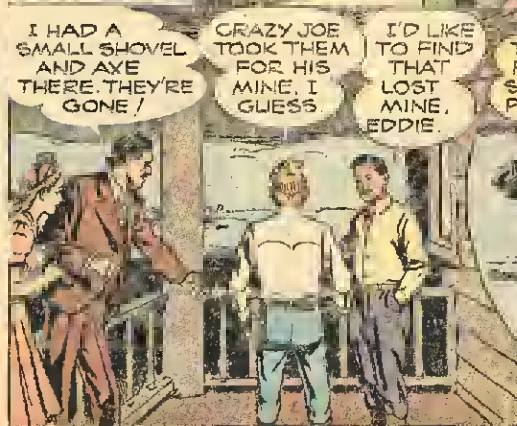
CRAZY JOE  
TOOK THEM  
FOR HIS  
MINE, I  
GUESS.

I'D LIKE  
TO FIND  
THAT  
LOST  
MINE,  
EDDIE.

LATER, AS GOOD NIGHTS ARE SAID...

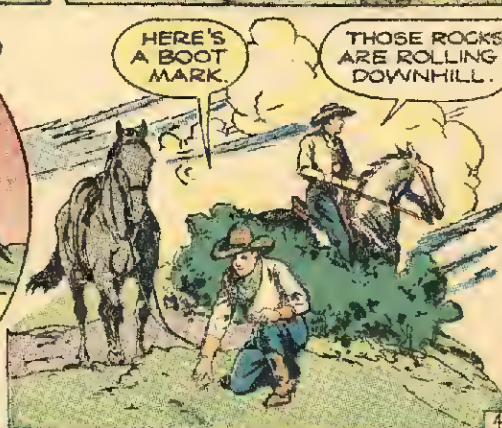
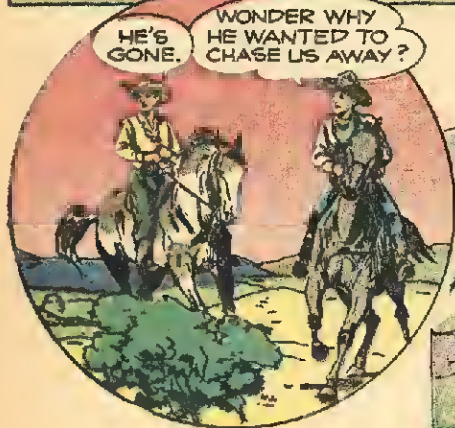
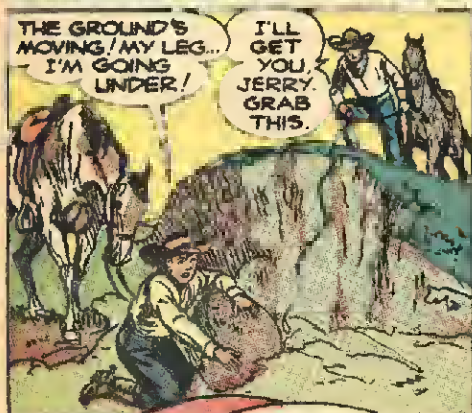
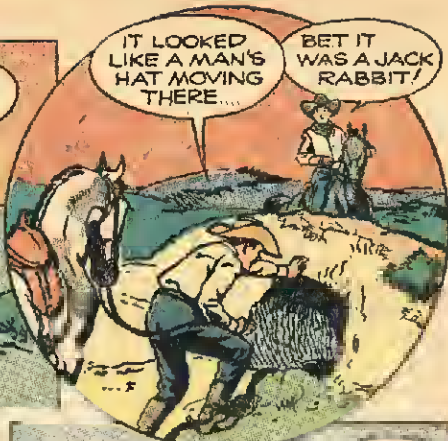
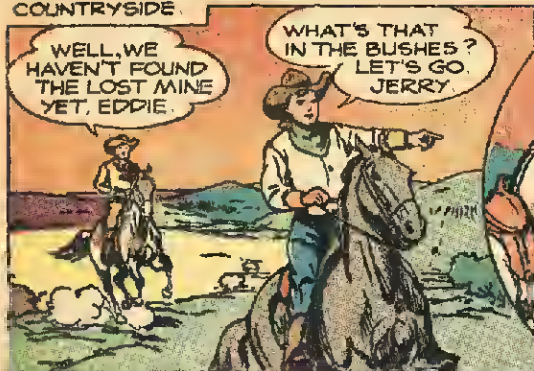
THANKS  
FOR A  
SWELL  
PARTY.

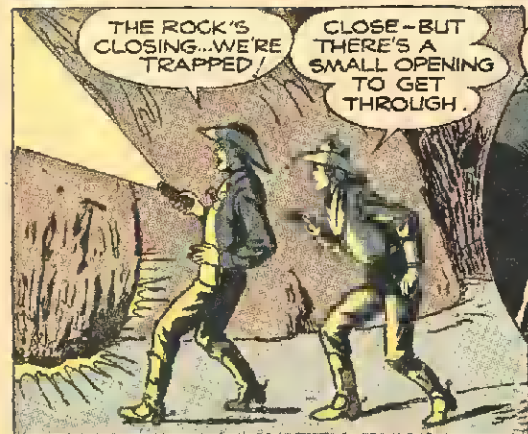
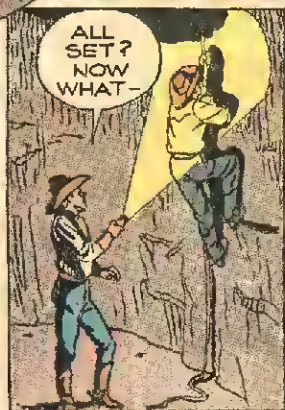
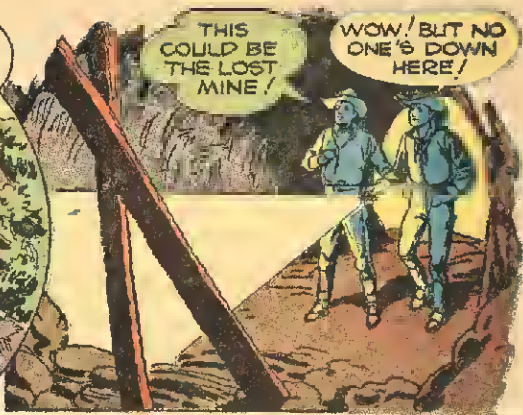
IF WE FIND THE  
MINE, WE'LL LET  
YOU KNOW.



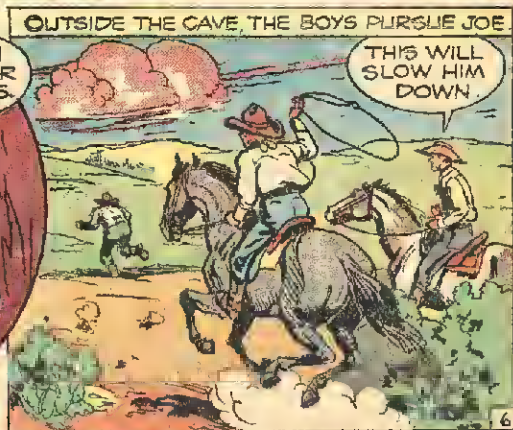
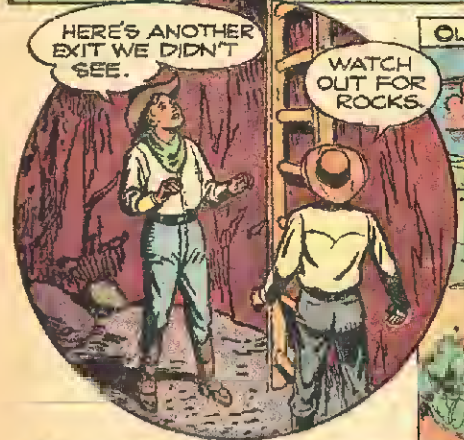
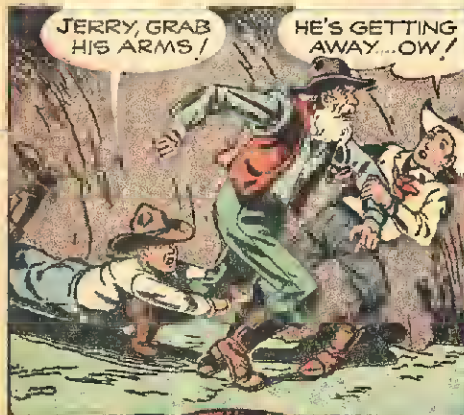


NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS EXPLORE THE COUNTRYSIDE.

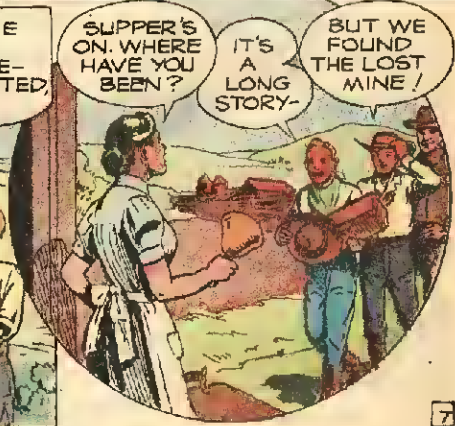
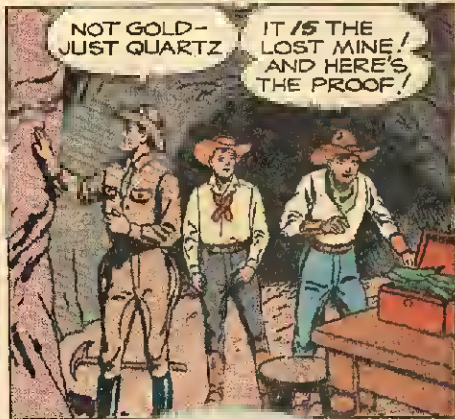
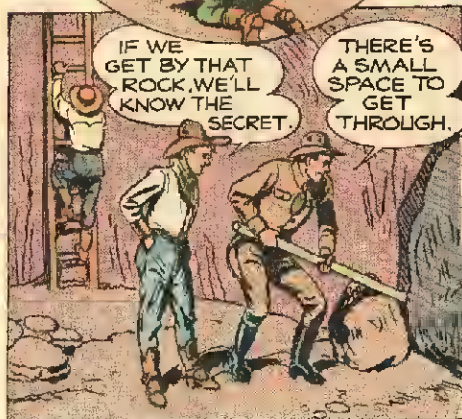
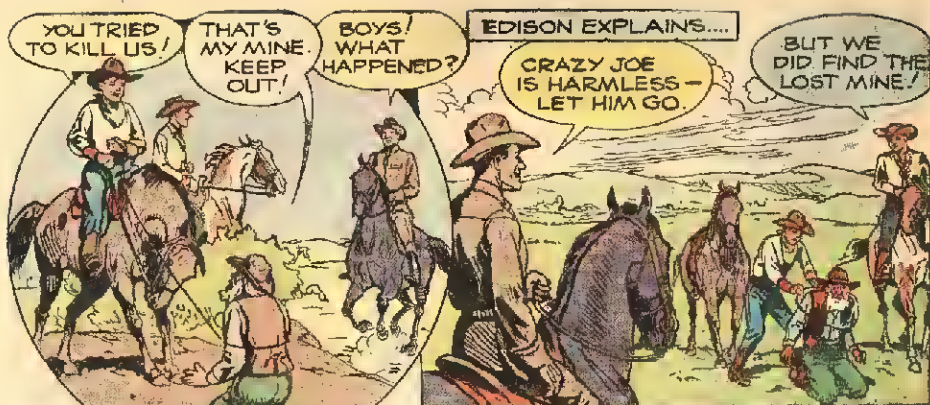








**QUESTION**  
No. 13. What have Father Time, Monte Woolley, and George Bernard Shaw in common?





# SLEEP UNDER the STARS

## IN A REAL OLD TRAPPERS BOUGH BED...

**T**HIS IMPROVED BOUGH BED IS MORE HEALTHFUL THAN THE ORDINARY KIND BECAUSE OF THE AIR SPACE BENEATH IT.

**B**E SURE TO SELECT GREEN, SPRINGY SAPLINGS FOR THE FRAME, AND TRIM THEM SMOOTH. THE TWO OUTSIDE PIECES SHOULD BE HEAVIER THAN THE  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " SAPLINGS.

3" DIAM.

ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF MORE THAN YOUR HEIGHT

SAPLINGS ABOUT  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " DIAM.

TWIG MATTRESS

3" DIAM.

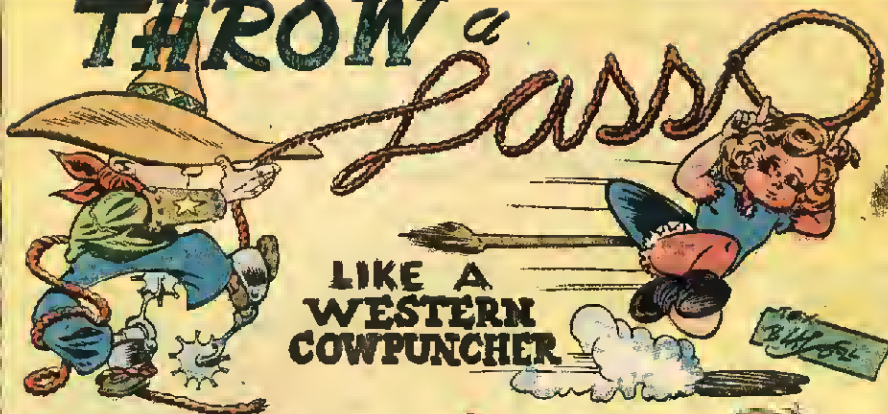
6" DIAM.

**N**OTCH THE "FOOT" AND "HEAD" LOGS AT 3 INCH INTERVALS, SO AS TO HOLD THE SAPLINGS FIRMLY IN PLACE...

**C**OVER THE BED WITH ABOUT A FOOT OF LEAFY TWIGS. BE SURE TO SELECT ONLY VERY SMALL TWIGS SO AS TO MAKE A SOFT MATTRESS...

**I**F YOU USE ANOTHER LOG AT THE FOOT, IT WILL HOLD THE BLANKETS DOWN...

# THROW <sup>a</sup>

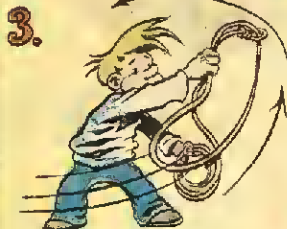


## LIKE A WESTERN COWPUNCHER

**1.** AN OLD, SOFT CLOTHESLINE MAKES A SWELL LASSO...JUST TIE AN ORDINARY, EASY-SLIDING SLIP KNOT AND PULL OUT A LOOP BIG ENOUGH TO GO OVER YOUR TARGET... ABOUT 3 FEET IN DIAMETER IS FINE.



**2.** THEN GRASP THE LOOP AND SOME OF THE SLACK ROPS ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE KNOT. BE SURE TO REEL UP ENOUGH SLACK TO BE ABLE TO REACH THE TARGET... ABOUT 6 TO 10 FEET IS ENOUGH AT FIRST.



**3.** START THE "TWIRL" FORWARD AND UP, AS THO' TO TOSS IT OVER YOUR HEAD...



**4.** MOVE YOUR ARM OUT COMFORTABLY TO THE SIDE... ELBOW BENT, AND "SPREAD" THE LOOP BY ROTATING THE WRIST ONLY. ROTATE "IN" TOWARDS YOUR BODY...



WHEN THE LOOP IS WIDE OPEN, "CAST" DO NOT THROW, THE LASSO AT YOUR TARGET. ALLOW ENOUGH HEIGHT FOR THE LOOP TO SETTLE OVER.



**6.** AS THE LOOP DROPS OVER THE TARGET, TIGHTEN THE SLIP KNOT BY PULLING WITH BOTH HANDS...



LET THE SLACK RAY OUT OF ITS OWN ACCORD...



# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**D** OES KIT CARTER'S FATE HOLD THE DEFEAT AND DISGRACE FORECAST BY MADAME LAFULA? OR WILL DAUNTON'S HARD-HITTING QUARTER-BACK THROW THE FORTUNETELLER FOR A LOSS?

BUTTER-FINGERS!

BOO!

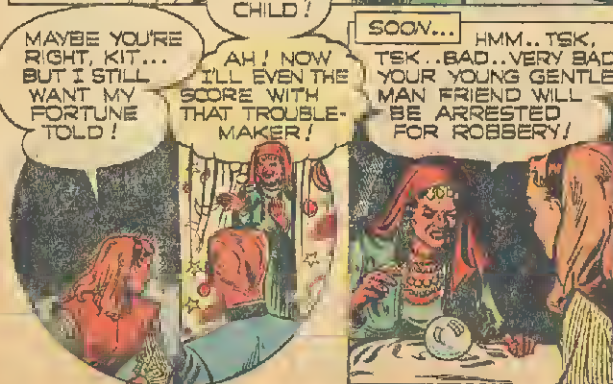
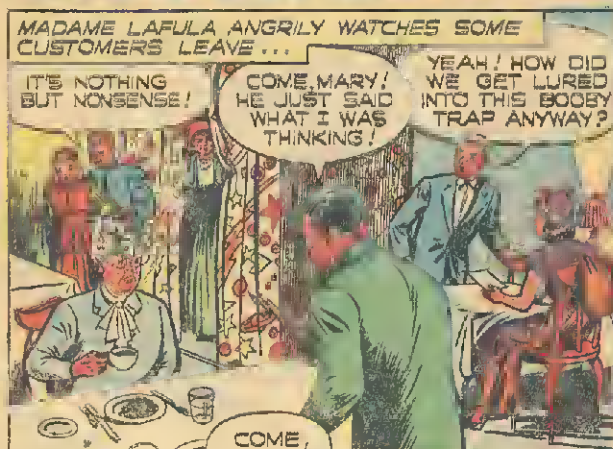
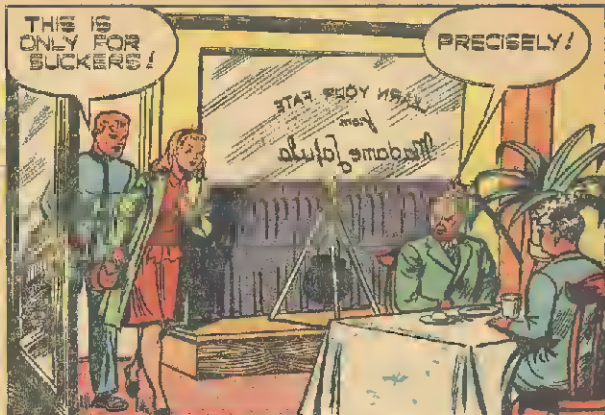
JAIL-BIRD!

KIT, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS NEW FORTUNETELLER HAS TO SAY!

FORTUNE-TELLING IS THE BUNK, GINNY!

LEARN YOUR FUTURE FROM  
*Madame Lafula*

**Q** UESTION No. 14. Name several ways of attempting to foretell the future.





FOOTBALL PLAYER,  
EH? HE WILL PROVE  
TO BE VASTLY  
OVERRATED!

YES. IN THE BIG  
GAME OF THE  
SEASON, HE WILL  
PLAY MISERABLY.  
DAUNTON WILL  
LOSE!

TO ROCKILL  
PREP! YEOW!  
I'VE HEARD  
ENOUGH FOR  
TODAY!

HEE-HEE! NOW  
SHE'LL HAVE SOME  
DOUBTS ABOUT  
HER ARROGANT  
BOY FRIEND!

REALLY?



GINNY IS NOT ONE TO KEEP A SECRET...

IMAGINE! KIT CARTER IN  
JAIL... AND LETTING ROCKILL  
PREP WIN! SHE MUST BE  
LOONY!

STRICTLY  
OFF THE  
BEAM!



THE STORY SPREADS...

HEAR ABOUT THE  
OLD CRACKPOT  
WHO SAYS KIT  
CARTER IS GOING  
TO FLOP?

YEAH.  
SILLY,  
ISN'T IT?



AND FINALLY...

SPORTS

WILL MADAME  
CARULA CALL  
THE TURN?

The annual Daunt-  
on Rockill closing line  
Saturday hinges on  
the play of Kit Carter.  
Who thus far has had  
a bang-up season  
to date, but other stars

THE

Football Star

FOOL! WHY DID YOU MAKE THIS  
PREDICTION? WHEN IT IS PROVED  
FALSE, WE WILL BE RUINED!  
NOBODY WILL PATRONIZE US!



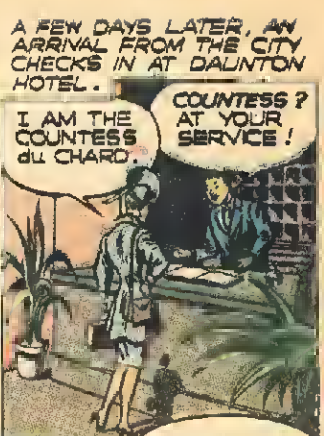


AW! BUT SUPPOSE WE MAKE MY PREDICTIONS COME TRUE! THE TOWN WILL BE IMPRESSED, AND WE WILL PROSPER!



YOU ARE CRAFTY! BUT HOW...

WE MUST CALL COUSIN LUANA FROM THE CITY. IT WILL BE UP TO HER!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AN ARRIVAL FROM THE CITY CHECKS IN AT DAUNTON HOTEL.

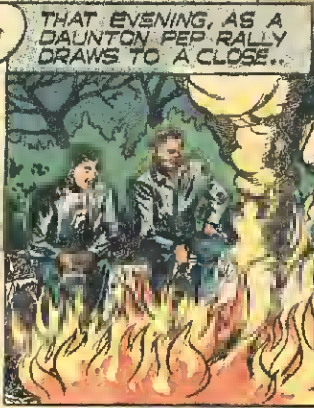
I AM THE COUNTESS DU CHARD.

COUNTESS? AT YOUR SERVICE!



PUT MY JEWELS IN THE SAFE. THEY ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!

YES INDEED, COUNTESS!



THAT EVENING, AS A DAUNTON PEP RALLY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

WAHOO! SMEAR ROCKILL PREP!



LET'S GO, GANG! THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE FOR CARTER! C-A-R-T-E-R!



CARTER! CARTER! YAY!

LET'S HIT THE SACK AND GET A GOOD REST FOR TOMORROW'S GAME, DAN!

LISTEN! A WOMAN'S SCREAM!

HELP! HELP!



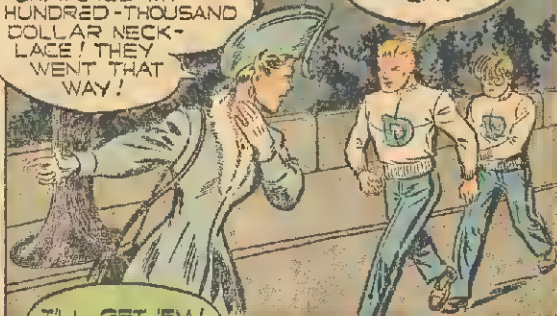
IT CAME FROM  
THAT WAY!  
HURRY!



KIT AND DAN DASH UP TO THE SCREAMING  
COUNTESS DU CHARD!

HELP! THEY  
SNATCHED MY  
HUNDRED-THOUSAND  
DOLLAR NECK-  
LACE! THEY  
WENT THAT  
WAY!

WE'LL TRY  
TO CATCH  
'EM!

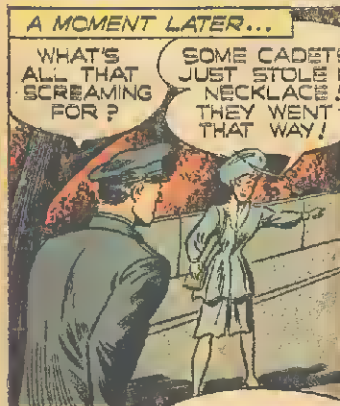


I'LL GET 'EM!  
HEY THERE!  
HALT!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT'S  
ALL THAT  
SCREAMING  
FOR?

SOME CADETS  
JUST STOLE MY  
NECKLACE!  
THEY WENT  
THAT WAY!



STOP! HAND  
OVER THAT  
NECKLACE!

HUNH?



THERE'S SOME  
MISTAKE, OFFICER!  
WE AREN'T THE  
CROOKS!

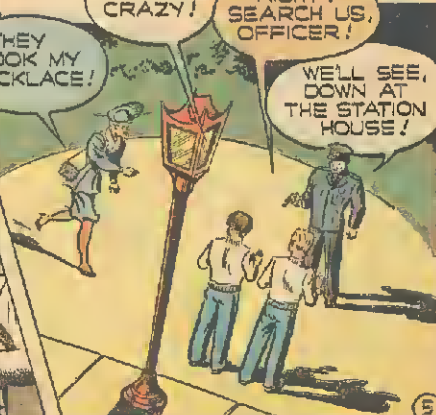
THEY  
TOOK MY  
NECKLACE!

YOU'RE  
CRAZY!

RIGHT!  
SEARCH US,  
OFFICER!

DON'T LISTEN  
TO THEIR LIES!  
THEY ARE THE  
THIEVES!

WE'LL SEE,  
DOWN AT  
THE STATION  
HOUSE!



CHARGED WITH THEFT BY THE COUNTESS, THE BOYS ARE GRILLED AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WE'LL GET THE TRUTH OUTTA YOU IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT! WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE NECKLACE?

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME, WE DIDN'T TAKE IT!

HOOR AFTER HOOR, THE QUESTIONING CONTINUES..

WHO WAS YOUR ACCOMPLICE? WHO HAS THE NECKLACE NOW?

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME...WE DON'T KNOW! WE'RE INNOCENT!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.. TILL THE DAWN BREAKS..

WE DON'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL.. BUT THIS NECKLACE IS WORTH A HUNDRED GRAND! WE'LL KEEP UP TILL YOU CRACK!

WE'RE CRACKING ALL RIGHT... BUT WE CAN'T HELP YOU!

GEE! I'M EXHAUSTED!

THE COUNTESS IS HERE!

THAT'S GENEROUS, COUNTESS, BUT IT MEANS THAT I HAVE TO TURN TWO MORE WOULD-BE CROOKS FREE!

I WITHDRAW ALL CHARGES AGAINST THESE MISGUIDED BOYS!

YEAH, MIGHTY GENEROUS, COUNTESS!

GOOD NEWS! MY NECKLACE WAS RETURNED, LEFT AT MY DOOR, BY THEIR FRIGHTENED ACCOMPLICE, NO DOUBT!

SOON...

WELL, BOYS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE!

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT... BUT THANKS FOR A LOVELY EVENING!



NEWS OF THE ARREST  
TRAVELS SWIFTLY...

BECAUSE OF YOUR  
SPLENDID RECORDS, I  
MUST BELIEVE YOUR  
FANTASTIC STORY. YOU  
MAY PLAY AGAINST  
ROCKILL.

THANK YOU,  
COLONEL  
TILGHMAN.

MADAME LAFULA  
CALLED THE TURN  
ON CARTER'S ARREST!  
MAYBE SHE ISN'T A  
QUACK AFTER  
ALL!

I KNOW KIT  
WOULDN'T STEAL,  
BUT WHAT  
HAPPENED?

TIME FOR THE GAME,  
AND KIT AND DAN TAKE  
THEIR POSITIONS ON THE  
GRIDIRON. ROCKILL KICKS  
OFF...



GROGGY FROM STRAIN AND LACK  
OF SLEEP, KIT FUMBLES THE BALL!

ROCKILL RECOVERS DEEP  
IN DAUNTON TERRITORY!

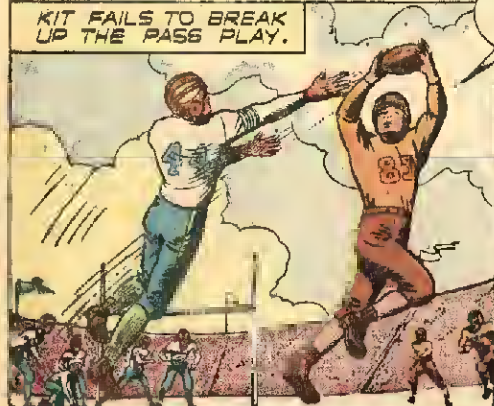


SOMETHING IS  
WRONG WITH  
CARTER! WE'LL  
TRY A PASS IN  
HIS ZONE!



KIT FAILS TO BREAK  
UP THE PASS PLAY.

COME TO  
PAPA!



THEY MISSED  
THE EXTRA  
POINT! BUT  
THOSE SIX  
POINTS WILL  
BE HARD TO  
GET BACK!

GET CARTER  
AND MERRY  
OUT! THEY  
LOOK HALF-  
DEAD!

CARTER WAS  
TERRIBLE! THAT  
FORTUNTELLER  
KNEW WHAT SHE  
WAS TALKING  
ABOUT!

AMAZING PREDICTIONS  
MADAME! MAY I MAKE  
AN APPOINTMENT?

ME  
TOO!

AH!  
IT WORKS  
PERFECTLY!

GINNY LEAVES THE STADIUM...

SOMETHING IS VERY  
VERY QUEER! MAYBE  
THE COUNTESS DU  
CHARO CAN STRAIGHTEN  
THINGS OUT!

EXIT

HMM... HER NECKLACE  
IS SUPPOSED TO BE WORTH  
A FORTUNE, BUT IT LOOKS  
LIKE A PHONY... WHICH  
MAKES THE COUNTESS  
A PHONY, TOO!

...AND HURRIES TO THE DAUNTON HOTEL, BUT...

PLEASE, MAY  
I SPEAK TO  
YOU?

OUT OF  
MY WAY!

OKAY.. BUT  
IT BETTER  
BE GOOD!

A MOMENT LATER...

PLEASE, CASEY,  
COME WITH ME!  
IT'S IMPORTANT!



THEY FOLLOW THE COUNTESS TO  
MADAME LAFULA'S, AND ENTER.



AH! WHAT A SMART TRICK  
WE PULLED! WE'LL MAKE  
A MINT OUT OF  
THIS RACKET  
NOW!

SHHH!

AS WE ENTER THE LAST  
QUARTER, CARTER'S EARLIER  
MISPLAYS LOOM UP  
BIGGER AND BIGGER!  
ROCKILL PREP STILL  
HOLDS A SIX-POINT  
LEAD!



WONDERFUL!  
COUSIN  
LUANA, YOU  
DID IT ALL  
WITH YOUR PHONY  
BURGLARY CHARGE!

YES! IT GOT CARTER ARRESTED  
...AND MADE HIM SO EXHAUSTED  
THAT HE LOST THE FOOTBALL  
GAME... THUS MAKING MADAME'S  
PREDICTIONS COME TRUE!



WHY,  
THE MEAN  
#9!!...9XX!

WE'LL CRACK DOWN ON  
THOSE HYENAS LATER...  
BUT FIRST WE'RE GOING  
OUT TO THE STADIUM!



SOON...

...AND  
THAT'S THE  
STORY! WHAT  
A FRAME-UP!

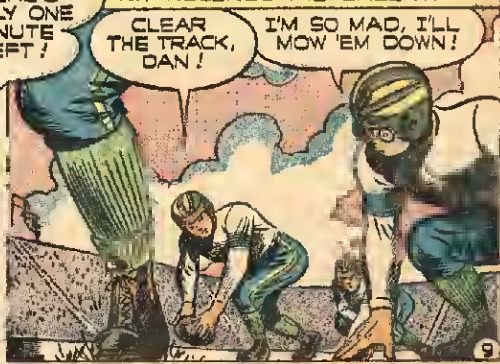
WE'RE FIGHTING  
MAD, COACH!  
SEND US IN!  
GIVE US A  
CHANCE TO  
BEAT THOSE  
RACKETEERS!

OKAY! BUT  
THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
MINUTE  
LEFT!

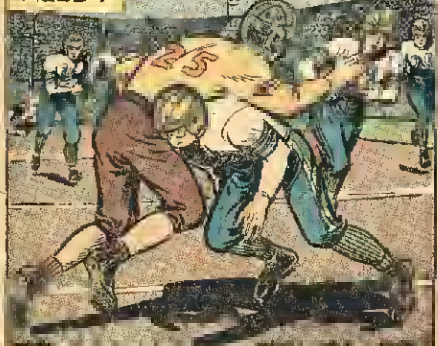
ON HIS OWN THIRTY-YARD LINE,  
KIT RECEIVES THE BALL...

CLEAR  
THE TRACK,  
DAN!

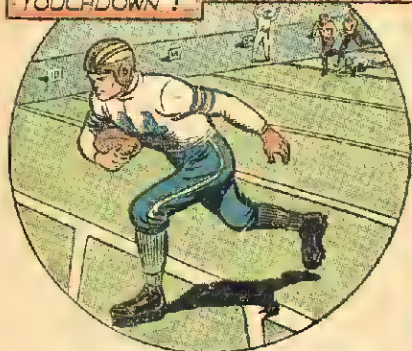
I'M SO MAD, I'LL  
MOW 'EM DOWN!



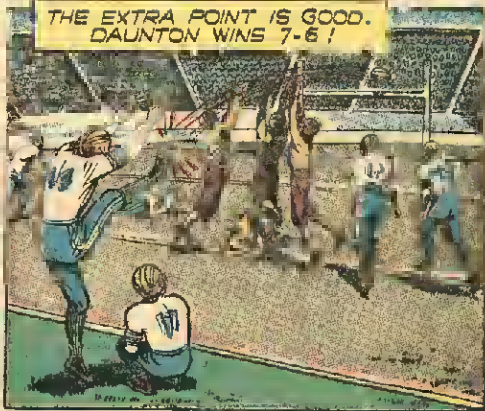
GIVEN NEW ENERGY BY THEIR ANGER, THEY STORM DOWN THE FIELD!



BREAKING INTO THE CLEAR, KIT RACES SEVENTY YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN!



THE EXTRA POINT IS GOOD. DAUNTON WINS 7-6!



CARTER JUST MADE NONSENSE OF YOUR PREDICTIONS, MADAME!

I'M BREAKING MY APPOINTMENT!

ME, TOO!

I'M RUINED! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN!

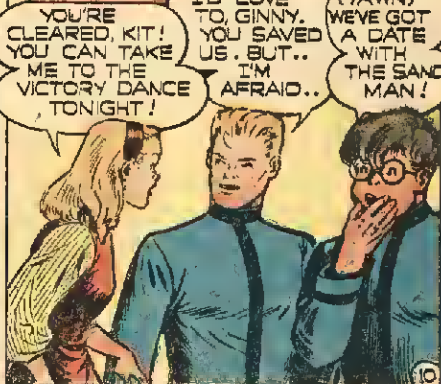


LATER...

YOU'RE CLEARED, KIT! YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE VICTORY DANCE TONIGHT!

I'D LOVE TO, GINNY. YOU SAVED US, BUT... I'M AFRAID..

(YAWN) WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE SAND-MAN!



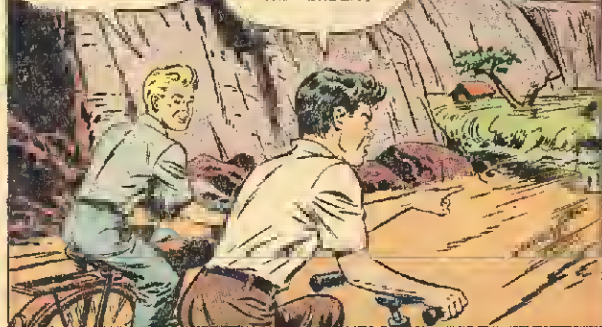


# THE RACE AGAINST THE RIVER!

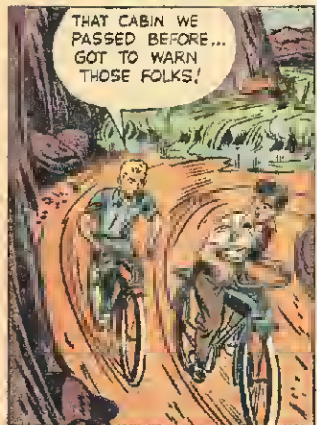


THIS SUN SURE  
FEELS GOOD AFTER  
A WEEK OF RAIN!

JIM, LOOK...  
UP AHEAD! THE  
RIVER'S FLOODING  
THE GULCH!



THAT CABIN WE  
PASSED BEFORE...  
GOT TO WARN  
THOSE FOLKS!



NOT A SECOND  
TO LOSE, SIR!  
THE FLOOD'S  
SWEEPING DOWN  
THIS WAY!

AFRAID YOU'LL  
NEVER MAKE  
IT ON FOOT...  
WE'LL GIVE YOU  
A LIFT!



THE BOYS PEDAL HARD UP  
THE SLOPE, AS THE FLOOD  
RUSHES THROUGH THE  
VALLEY BELOW!

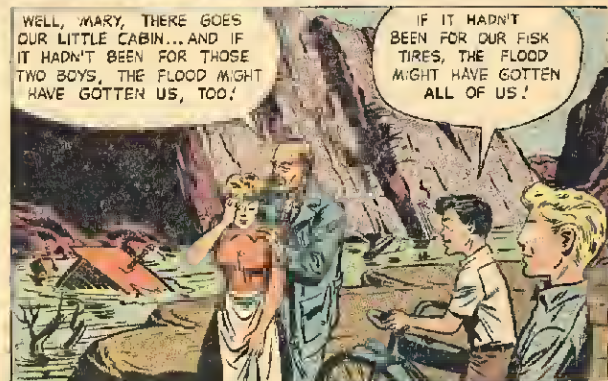
BOY, THIS IS  
ROUGH RIDING-  
GLAD WE'RE ON  
FISK TIRES!



FOR SHOOTING THE HILLS,  
SWEEPING THE CURVES OR  
STRAIGHT-A-WAY RIDING,  
FISK BIKE TIRES ALWAYS  
HOLD THE ROAD, MAKE  
PEDALING EASY. TRY THEM.

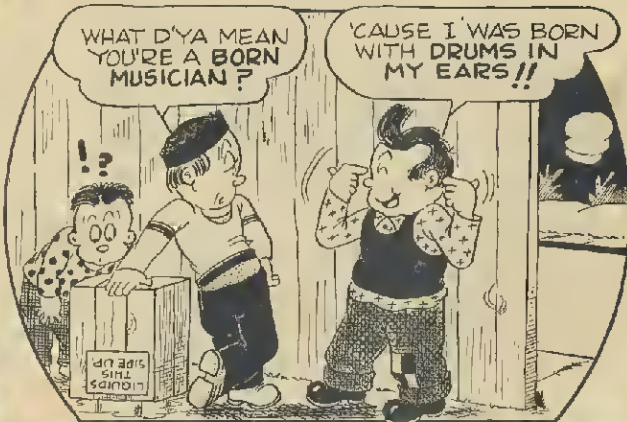
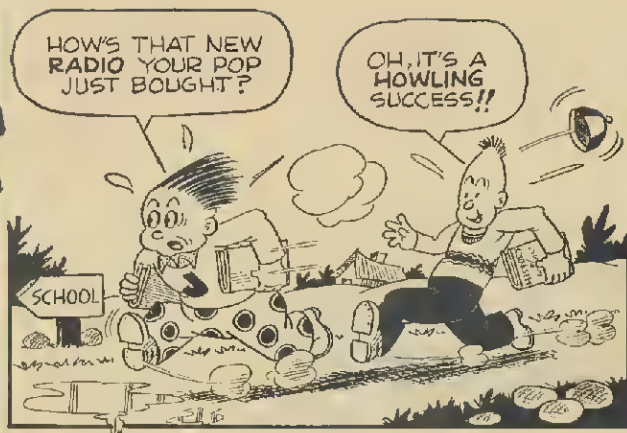
WELL, MARY, THERE GOES  
OUR LITTLE CABIN...AND IF  
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE  
TWO BOYS, THE FLOOD MIGHT  
HAVE GOTTEN US, TOO!

IF IT HADN'T  
BEEN FOR OUR FISK  
TIRES, THE FLOOD  
MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN  
ALL OF US!



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